

A Faire Quarrell.

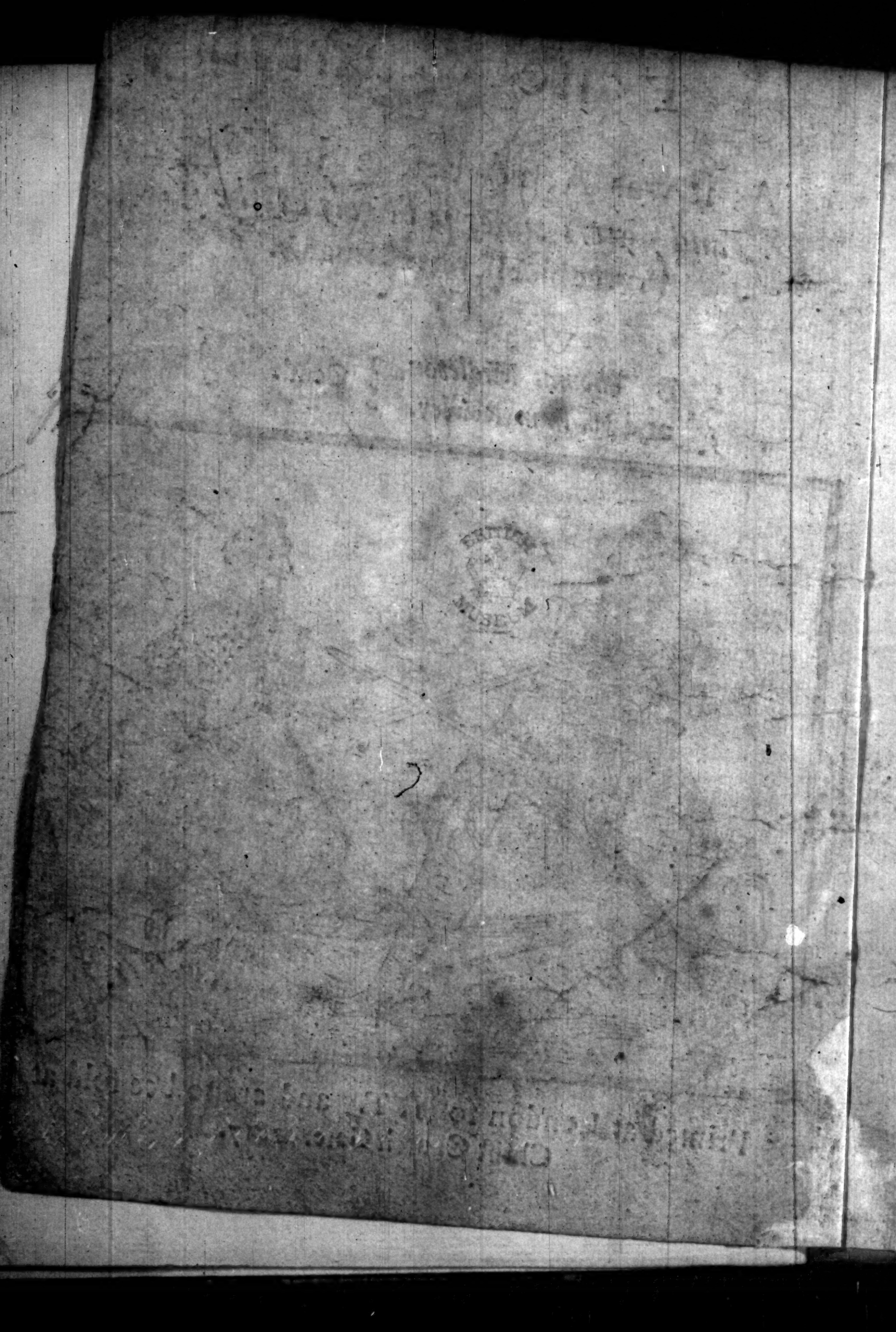
As it was Acted before the King
and diuers times publikey by the
Prince his Highnes Seruants.

Written

By Thomas Middleton }
and William Rowley. } Gentl.



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TO THE NOBLY DIS-
posed, vertuous, and faithfull-brest-
ed Robert Grey Esquire, one of the Grooms of
his Highnesse Bed-Chamber, his
poore Well-willer, wisheth his
best wisbes. *Hic et
Supra.*

Worthy Sir,



*Is but a Play, and a Play is
but a Butt, against which ma-
ny shoote many Arrows of
Envy, 'tis the weaker Part,
and how much more noble shall
it be in you to defend it, yet if
it be (as some Philosophers have
left behind 'um) that this Megacosme, this great
world, is no more then a Stage, where everyone must
act his part, you shall of necessity have many part-
takers, some long, some short, some indifferent, all
some, whilst indeed the Players themselves have*

The Epistle.

the least part of it, for I know few that haue lands,
(which are a part of the World) and therefore no
grounded men, but howsoeuer they serue for mutes,
happily they must weare good cloathes for atten-
dance, yet all haue exits and must all be stript in the
Tyring-house (viz, the graue) for none must carry
any thing out of the stocke, you see Sir, I write as I
speak, & I speak as I am, & thats excuse enough for
me. I did not meane to write an Epistle of praise to
you, it lookes so like a thing, (I know) you loue not
Flattery, which you exceedingly bate actiuelly, and
vnpleasingly accept passiuelly: indeed I meant to
tell you your owne, that is, that this child of the Mu-
ses is yours, who euer begat it, tis laid to your charge
and (for ought I know) you must father and keep it
too, if it please you, I hope you shall not bee asham'd
of it neither for it has beene seene (though I say it)
in good companies, and many haue said it is a hand-
some pretty spoken infant, now be your owne iudge,
at your leasure looke on it, at your pleasure laugh at
it, and if you be sorry it is no better you may be glad
it is no bigger.

Yours euer.

William Rowley.

A Faire Quarrel.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Master Russell Solus.

Russell:

I T must be all my care; theres all my loue,
And that palls on the tother, had I beene lese
In a sonne behind me, while I had beene here
He should haue shifted as I did before him;
Liu'd on the freeborne portion of his wit:
But a daughter, and that an onely one, oh?
We cannot be to carefull ore, to tender,
Tis such a brittle nicenes: a meere cubbord of glasses,
The least shake breakes, or crakes em; all my aime is
To cast her vpon riches; thats the thing
We richmen call perfection, for the world
Can perfect nought without it, 'tis not neatnesse
Either in handsome wit; or handsome outside
With which one gentleman (far indebt) has courted her
Which boldnes he shall rue. He thinkes me blind,
And ignorant, I haue let him play along time,
Seem'd to beleue his worth; which I know nothing.
He may perhaps laugh at my easie confidence
Which closely I requite vpon his fondnesse.
For this houre, snaps him; and before his Mistris
His Saint forsooth, which he inscribes my gire,
He shall be rudely taken and disgract,
The trick will proue an euerlasting Scarcrow,
To fright poore gallantes from our rich-mens daughters,

Enter the Lady Agor, with two seruants.

Sister? Iue such a ioy to make you a well-come of,
Better you neuer tasted. Lady, Good fit spare it not,

Russ. Colonells come, & your son Captaine Ager;

Lady. My sonne! --- she weepes:

*Russ. I know your eye would be first seru'd,
Thats the soules taster still for griefe, or ioy,*

*Lady. Oh if a mothers deare suit may preuaile with him,
From England; he shall neuer part agen;*

Russ. No question he'll be rul'd, and grant you that,

Lady. Ile bring all my desires to that request.

Exeunt Lady and her Seruants.

*Russ. Affectionate sister, she ha's no daughter now
It followes all the loue must come to him,
And he has a worth deserues it, were it dearer.*

*Enter a friend of the Colonells, and another of
Captaine Ager.*

Colo. Frien. I must not giue way too't,

Russ. Whats here to question,

Col. Frien. Compare young Captaine Ager, with the Colonell,

*Cap. Fri. Yong? wly, doe you make youth stand for an im-
putation: that which you now produce for his disgrace,
Infers his noblenes, that being young
Should haue an anger more enclind to courage
And moderation then the Colonell.*

A vertue as rare as chastety in youth.

And let the cause be good; (conscience in him

Which euer crownes his acts, and is indeed,

Valours prosperity) he dares then as much,

As euer mad him famous that you pleade for;

Col: Frien. Then I forbear to long.

Cap: Frien. His worth for me.

*Russ. Heres noble youths, belike some wench has
cross't em, and now they know not what to doe with
their blood.*

Enter the Colonell and Captaine Ager.

Colo. How now!

Cap. Hold, hold, whats the incitement,

Col's. So serious at your game, come, come, the quarrell,

Colo. frie. Nothing good saith sir,

Colo. Nothing, and you bleed,

Col. frien.

The Faire Quarrell.

Col. fri. Bleed, where, pish, a little scratch by chance fir,

Col. What need this nicenes, when you know so wel
That I must know these things, and truly know 'em,
Your daintines makes me but more impatient,
This strange concealment frets me.

Col. fri. Words did passe
Which I was bound to answer, as my opinion
And loue instructed me, and should I take in generall fame,
Into 'em, I thinke I should commit no error in't,

Colo. What words fir, and of whom,

Col. fri. This gentleman.
Paralelld Captaine ~~Agers~~ worth with yours,

Colo. With mine.

Col. fai. It was a thing I could nor listen to
With any patience.

Capt. What should aile you fir,
There was little wrong done to your friend i'that,

Colo. How, little wrong, to me,

Capt. I said so, friend.

And I suppose that you'le esteeme it so;

Colo. Comparisons?

Capt. Why fir? twixt friend, and friend,
There is so euen and leuell a degree
It will admit of no superlatiue.

Col. Not in termes of man-hood?

Russ. Nay gentlemen,

Col. Good fir giue mee leaue, in termes of manhoode
What can you dispute more questionable?

You are a captaine fir, I giue you all your due,

Cap. And you are a Colonell, a title
Which may include within it many captaines,
Yet fir, but throwing by those titular shaddows,
Which ad no substance to the men themselves;
And take them vncompounded, man and man;
They may be so with faire equallity.

Colo. Y are a boy fir, *Cap.* And you haue a Beard fir.
Virginity and marriage are both worthy,
And the positie partie there are some

A Faire Quarrell.

Haue made the nobler.

Colo. How now? *Ruff.* Nay good sir,

Cap. I shrinke not, he that goes the formost,
May be oretaken.

Colo. Death, how am I weighd?

Cap. In an euen ballance sir, a beard put in
Gives but a small aduantage: man and man
And lift the scales,

Colo. Patience shalbe my curse
If it ride me further;

Ruff. How now Gallants?

Beleeue me then, I must giue aime no longer,
Can words beget swords and bring um forth, ha?
Come they are abortiue propagations;
Hide 'um for shame, I had thought Souldiers
Had bin musically; would not strike out of time,
But to the consort of Drum, Trumps and Fife.
Tis madman-like to daunce without musique,
And most vnpleasing shoues to the beholders,
A Lydian dirty to a Dorick note
Friends embrace with Steele hands: sic, it meets to
I must haue those encounters heere debar'd, (hard,

Colo. Shall I loose heere what I haue safe brought home
Through many dangers?

Cap. Whats that sir?

Colo. My fame,

Life of the life, my reputation,
Death? I am squar'd and measur'd out, my heights
Depths, breadth, all my dimensions taken,
Sure I haue yet beyond your Astralobe
A spirit vnbounded;

Cap. Sir, you might weigh,

Ruff. Tush, all this is weighing fire, vaine & fruitles,
The further it runnes into argument

The further plung'd, beseech you no more on't,

I haue a little claime, sir, in your blood

As neare as the brother to your mother,

If that may serue for power to moue your quiet

The rest I shall make vp with curtesie

And

A Faire Quarrell.

And an Vncles loue. *Cap.* I haue done sir, but

Russ. But! Ile haue no more shooting at these butts,

Colo. Wee'le to pricks, when he please,

Russ. You roue all still

Sir, I haue no motiue prooffe to digest

Your raisd cho'ler back into temperate blood,

But if you'le make mine age a counsellor

(As all ages haue hitherto allow'd it)

Wisdome in men grows vp as yeares encrease,

You shall make me blessed in making peace,

And doe your iudgement right,

Colo. In peace at home

Gray hayres are Senators: but to determine

Soldiers and their actions;

Enter Fitzallen and Iane.

Russ. Tis peace heere sir,

And see, heere comes a happy Interim,

Here enters now a Sceane of louing armes;

This couple will not quarrell so;

Colo. Fri. Be aduised, Sir,

This gentleman *Fitzallen* is your kinsman,

You may 'orethrow his long labord fortunes

With one angry minur, tis a rich churle

And this his sole inheritrix, blast not

His hopes with this tempest,

Colo. It shall calme me,

All the townes coniurers and their *Demons*

Could not haue layd my spirit so,

Fitz. Worthy Cuz

I gratulate your faire returne to peace

Your swift fame was at home long before you;

Colo. It meeres (I hope) your hapy fortunes heere

And I am glad int, I must salute your ioyes, cuz,

With a soulders encounter

Kisses her.

Fitz. Worthy Captaine *Ager*,

I hope my kinsman shortly,---

Russ. You must come short indeed,

A Faire Quarrell.

Or the length of my deuise will be ill shrunke,
Why now it shewes finely, Ile tell you, fir,
Sir, nay sonne, I know i'th end, twill be so,
Fitz. I hope so, fir,

Russ. Hope? nay tis past all hope, sonne,
Heere has beene such a stormy incounter,
Betwixt my cozen Captaine and this braue Colonell
About I know not what, nothing indeed,
Competitions, degrees and comparatiues
Of Soldiership: but this smooth passage
Of loue has calm'd it all, come Ile haue found,
Let me see your hearts combined in your hands,
And then I will belecue the league is good,
It shall be the grapes if we drinke any blood.

Colo. I haue no anger fir,

Capt. I haue had none,
My blood has not yet rose to a quarrell,
Nor haue you had cause,

Colo. No cause of quarrell?
death? if my father should tell me so: *Russ.* agen!
Fitz. Good fir, for my sake,

Colo. Faith, I haue done, Cuz,
You doe too hastily belecue mine anger,
And yet to say, deminiting vallour
In a soldier is no cause of quarrell.

Russ. Nay then Ile remoue the cause to kil th'effect,
Kinsman, Ile presse you too't, if either loue
Or consanguinity may moue you too't,
I must disarm you, though yeare a soldier,
Pray grant me your weapon, it shall be safe
At your regresse from my house, now I know
No words can moue this noble soldiers sword
To a man vndefenc't so, we shall parle,
And safely make all perfect friends agen,

Colo. To shew my will fir, accept mine to you,
As good not weare it as not dare to vse it.

Celo friend. Nay then fir, we will be all exampled.
Wee'le haue no Armes heere now but louers armes.

Capt friend.

Capt. friend. No seconds must begin a quarrell,
Take mine fir.

Russ. Why Law, what a fine Sun shines heere? these
clouds my breath has blowne into another Climate,
He be your armourers, they are not paun'd,
These were the fish that I did angle for,
I haue caught 'vm finely, now for my trick,
My proiect's lusty, and will hit the nick. *Exit with weapons.*

Colo. What ist a match beauty? I would now haue,
Aliance with my worthy Captaine *Ager*,
To knit our loues the faster; heeres witnes
Enough if you confirme it now.

Iane. Sir my voyce,
Was long since giuen, since that I gaue my hand,

Colo. Would you had seald too,

Iane. That with comes too late,
For I too soone feare my deliury: *(aside.)*

My fathers hand sticke yet fir, you may now
Challenge a lawfull interest in his,
Hee tooke your hand from your enraged blood,
And gaue it freely to your opposite
My Cozen *Ager*, me thinks you should claime from him,
In the lesse quality of calmer blood,
To ioyne the hands of two diuided friends,
Euen these two that would offer willingly
Their owne embrace.

Capt. friend. Troth, she instructs you well
Colonell: and you shall doe a louers part
worth one braue act of vallour.

Colo. VVhy, I did
misdoubt no scruple, is there doubt in it?

Fitz. Faith fir, delaies, which at the least are doubts,
But heeres a constant resolution fixt,
VVhich we wish willingly he would accord to,

Colo. Tush he shall doo't, I will not be denyed,
Hee owes me so much in the recompence
of my reconcilment, Captaine *Ager*.
You will take our parts against your vacle

A Faire Quarrell.

In this quarrell?

Ager. I shall doe my best, fir,
Two denials shall not repulse me, I loue
Your worthy kinsman and wish him mine, I know
He doubts it not. *Colo.* See, hee's returned.

Enter Russell and a Seruant.

Russ. Your qu.
Be sure you keep it, 'twill be spoken quickly.
Therefore watch it. *Colo.* Lets set on him all at once.

Omnes. Sir, we haue a sute to you.

Russ. What! all at once. *Omnes.* All, all, ifaith, fir.

Russ. On speaker may yet deliuer, say, say,
I shall not dare to stand out against so many,

Colo. Faith fir heeres a brabbling matter hangs on demurre,
I make the motion for all, without a fee
Pray you let it be ended this terme,

Russ. Ha, ha, ha.

Thats the rascalls qu, and he has mist it. *a side.*

What is it? what is it fir?

Colo. Why fir, here's a man;
And heer's a woman; y'are scholler good enough,
Put 'am togither; and tell me what it spells,

Russ. Ha, ha, ha, theres his qu once agen,

Enter Seruant.

Oh hee's come, humh:

Seru. My maister laughs, that's his qu to mischief,

Col. What say you, fir

Seru. Sir. *Russ.* Ha? what say you fir?

Seru. Sir, theres a couple desire speedily to speake with you.

Russ. A couple fir, of what, hounds, or horses?

Seru. Men fir, gentlemen or yemen, I know not which,
But the one sure they are

Russ. Hast thou no other description of them,

Seru. They come with commission, they say, fir to
tast of your earth: if they like it, they'le turne it into
gunpowder.

Russ. Oh, they are Salt-peetermen, before mee
And they bring commission: the kings power indeed,

They

A Faire Quarrell.

They must haue entrance, but the knaues will be brib'd,
Theres all the hope we haue in Officers,
They were too dangerous in a common wealth,
But that they will be very well corrupted, necessary varlets,

Ser. Shall I enter in sir?

Russ. By all faire meanes sir.

And with all speed sir, giue vm very good words,
To saue my ground vnrauisht, vnbroke vp,
Mines yet a virgin earth: the worne hath not beene seene,
To wriggle in her chaste bowells: and Ide be loth
A Gunpowder fellow should defloure her now.

Colo. Our suit is yet delayd by this meanes sir,

Russ. Alas I cannot help it, these fellowes gone
(As I hope I shall dispatch vm quickly)

A few Articles shall conclude your suite,

Who? Mr. *Fitzallen*; the onely man

That my adoption aymes at. *Colo.* Theres good hope then.

Enter two Sergeants in disguise.

1. *Ser.* Saue you, sir,

Russ. You are welcome sir for ought I know yet,

2. *Ser.* We come to take a view and tast of your ground, sir,

Russ. I had rather feed you with better meat, Gentlemen,
But doe your pleasures, pray:

1. This is our pleasures, we arrest you, sir, in the Kings name

Fitz. Ha! at whole suite? *Russ.* Howe's that?

Colo. Our weapons, good sir furnish vs. *Jane.* Aye me,

Russ. Stay stay, Gentlemen, lets enquire the cause,

It may be but a trifle, a small debt,

Shall need no rescue heere.

2. Sir betwixt three Creditors: Mr. *Leach*, Mr. *Swallow*,
and Mr. *Bonesuck*, the debts are a thousand pyunds.

Russ. A thousand pounds?

Bestrow me a good mans substance.

Colo. Good sir our weapons wee le reach these var-
lets to walke in their owne parti-coulour'd Coates,
that they may be distinguish't from honest men.

1. *Ser.* Sir, attempt no rescue, hee's our prisoner,
you'll make the danger worse by violence.

C

Colo.

A Faire Quarrell.

Colo. A plague vpon your Gunpowder treason;
Yee quicke damb'd Varlets, is this your salt peter proouing,
Your tasting earth, would you might neuer feede better,
Nor none of your Catchpole tribe:
Our weapons good sir, wee'le yet deliuer him.

Russ. Pardon me sir,
I dare not suffer rescue heere,
At least not by so great an accessarie
As to furnish you; had you had your weapons,
But to see the ill fate on't, my fine trick I saith,
Let Beggars beware to loue Richmens Daughters,
I'll teach 'um the new morrice, I learn't it
My selfe of another carefull Father.

Fitz. May I not be bayld?

2. Ser. Yes, but not with swords,

Colo. Slaues, heere are sufficient men;

1. Ser. I'll field,

But not in the Citty, sir, if this Gentleman
Will be one, wee'le easily admit the second.

Russ. Who I? sir, pray pardon me, I am wrongd,
Very much wrongd in this, I must needs speake it,
Sir, you haue not dealt like an honest Louer,
With me nor my child, heere you boaste to mee
Of a great reuenew, a large substance
Wherein you would endow & state my daughter,
Had I must this, my opinion yet
Thought you a frugall man, to vnderstand,
The sure wardes against all necessities,
Boldly to defend your wife and Family,
To walke vnmuffled, dreadlesse of these fleshhookes,
Euen in the daring'st streets through all the Citty;
But now I find you a loose Prodigall,
A large vnthrif, a whole thousand pound?
Come from him girle, his inside is not sound?

Fitz. Sir I am wrongd,
These are malicious plots,
Of some obscure enemies that I haue,
These debts are none of mine.

Russ. I all say so,

Perhaps

A Faire Quarrell.

Perhaps you stand ingag'd for other men,
If so you doe, you must then eal't your owne,
The like arrerage doe I run into
Should I baile you; But I haue vow'd against it,
And I will keepe my vowes: that's religious.

Fitz. All this is nothing so sir.

Russ. Nothing so?

By my faith it is sir, my vowes are firme,

Fitz. I neither owe these debts,
Nor engag'd for others.

Russ. The easier is your liberty regain'd,
These appeare proofes to me,

Colo. Liberty sir?

I hope youle not see him goe to Prison,

Russ. I do not meane to beare him company

So far: but Ile see him out of my doores,

Oh sir, let him goe to Prison, 'tis a Schoole

To tame wild bloods, heele be much better fort,

Colo. Better for lying in Prison,

Russ. In prison,

Beleeue it many an honest man lies in prison,

Else all the keepers are knaues,

They told me so themselues.

Col. Sir, I doe now suspect you haue betraid him,

And vs to cause vs to be weaponlesse,

If it be so y'are a blood suckng Churle,

One that was born in a great frost, when charity

Could not stir a finger, and you shall dye

In heate of a burning feauer i'th Dec. dayes,

To begin your hell to you, I haue said your grace for you,

Now get you to supper as soone as you can,

Pluto the Maister of the house is set already,

Capt. Sir you doe wrong mine Vncle.

Colo. Poxe on your Vncle,

And all his kin, if my Kinsman mingle

No blood with him.

Capt. Y'are a foule mouthd fellow,

Colo. Foule mouth'd I will be, th'art the son of a whore,

A Faire Quarrell.

Capt. Ha! Whore! plagues and furies Ile thrust that backe,
Or pluck thy heart out after, sonne of a whore?

Colo. On thy life Ile proue it.

Capt. Death I am naked,
Vncle, Ile giue you my left hand, for my sword,
To arme my right with; Oh this fire wil flame me
Into present ashes,

Colo. Sir, giue vs Weapons,
We aske our owne, you will not rob vs of them?

Russ. No sir, but still reſtraine your furies heere,
At my dore Ile giue you them, nor, at this time
My Nephewes, a time will better ſuit you,
And I muſt tell you ſir, you haue ſpoke ſwordes,
And 'gainſt the law of armes poyſon'd the blades
And with them wounded the reputation
Of an vnblemisht woman: would you were out of my dores.

Colo. Poxe on your dores, and let it run all your houſe ore,
Giue me my ſword.

Capt. We ſhall meet Colonel?

Colo. Yes better prouided, to ſpur thee more,
I do repeat my words Son of a Whore. *Exit with his friend.*

Capt. fr. Come ſir, 'tis no worſe then 'twas:
You can doe nothing now, *Exit Capt. and his friend.*

Russ. No, Ile bar him now, away with that begger, *Exit.*

Iane. Good ſir, let this perſwade you for two minutes ſtay,
At this priſe (I know) you can wait all day.

I. Ser. You know the Remora that ſtayes our ſhip alwaies.

Iane. Your ſhip ſinkes many when this hold lets goe,
Oh my Fitzallen what is to be done,

Fitz. To be ſtill thine is all my part to be,
Whether in freedome or captiuitie,

Iane. But art thou ſo ingag'd as this pretends?

Fitz. By heau'n, ſweet *Iane* 'tis all a helliſh plot
Your cruell ſmiling father all this while,
Has candied o're a bitter pill for me,
Thinking by my remoue to plant ſome other,
And then let goe his fangs.

Iane

A Faire Quarrell.

Iane. Plant some other?
Thou hast too firmly stamp't me for thine owne,
Euer to be rast out, I am not currant
In any others hand; I feare too soone
I shall discouer it.

Fitz. Let come the worst,
Binde but this knot with an vnloosed line,
I will be still thine owne.

Iane. And Ile be thine.

I. Ser. My watch has gone two minutes M.

Fitz. It shall not be renew'd, I goe sir, farewell.

Ia. Farewell, wee both are prison'd, though not togethert
But heers the difference in our luckelesse chance.
I feare mine owne, with thy deliuerance.

Fitz. Our hearts shall hourly visit, ile sendra thee, *Exit*
Then tis no prison where the mind is free. *Fitz. with Officers*
Enter Russell.

Russ. So, let him goe, now wench I bring thee ioyes,
A faire sun-shine after this angry storme:
It was my pollicie to remoue this begger:
What shall rich men wed their onely daughters
To two faire suites of cloathes: and perhaps yet
The poore Taylor is vnpaid; no, no my gilde,
I haue a lad of thousands comning in;
Suppose he haue more wealth then wit to guid it
Why, theres thy gaines, thou kep'st the keies of all
Dispos'est all; and for generation,
Man does most sildome stampe 'um from the braine,
Wisemen begets fooles, and fooles are the fathers
To many wise Children. *Histeron, Proteron,*
A great scholler may beget an Ideot,
And from the plow tayle may come a great scholler:
Nay. they are frequent propogations.

Iane. I am not well, sir.

Russ. Hast not well my girle?
Thou shalt haue a Physician then,
The best that gold can fetch vpon his foote cloath,
Thou knowest my tender pittie to thee euer,

A Faire Quarrell.

VWant nothing that thy wishes can instruct thee
To call for, fore mee, and thou look'st halfe ill indeed,
But Ile bring one within a day to thee
Shall rouse thee vp: for hees come vp already,
One M. *Chaugb* a Cornish Gentleman:
Ha's as much land of his owne fee-simple,
As a Crow can flie over in halfe a day:
And now I thinke on't, at the Crow at Algarve
His lodging is. He shall so stir thee vp,
Come, come, be cheard, thinke of thy preferment,
Honour and attendance, these wil bring thee health,
And the way to 'um is to clime by wealth. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Capitaine Agers

Capt. The Sonne of a VVhore?
There is not such another murdring piece
In all the stocke of Calumny: it kills
At one report two reputations,
A mothers and a Sonnes: if it were possible
That soules could fight after the bodies fell,
This were a quarrell for 'em; he should be one indeed
That neuer heard of heauens ioyes or hels torments
To fight this out: I am too full of conscience,
Knowledge and patience, to giue Iustice too't,
So carefull of my Eternity, which consists
Of vpright actions: that vnlesse I knew
It were a truth I stood for, any Coward
Might make my breast his footepace, & who liues
That can assure the truth of his conception,
More then a mothers carriage makes it hopefull:
And i't not miserable valour then,
That man should hazard all vpon things doubtfull,
Oh ther's the cruelty of my foes aduantage,

Could

A Fair Quarrell.

Could but my soule resolute my cause were iust,
Earth's mountaine, nor seas surge should hide him from mee,
Ee'ne to hells threshold would I follow him,
And see the slanderer in before I left him,
But as it is it feares me, and I neuer
Appeard too conscionably iust till now:
My good oppinion of her life and Vertues,
Bids me goe on: and faine would I be rul'd by't,
But when my iudgement tels me shees but woman,
Whose fraileto let in death to all mankind,
My valour shrinkes at that, certaine shees good,
There onely wants but my assurance in't,
And al things the were perfect, how I churist for't,
Heere comes the onely shee that could resolute,
But 'tis too vild a question to demand indeed.

Enter the Lady Ager.

La. Sonne I'ue a suite to you.

Capt. That may doe well.

To me good Madame, you're most sure to speed in't.

Beet i' my power to grant it,

La. Tis my lone

Makes the request, that you would neuer parte
From England more.

Capt. With all my heart tis graunted,
I'me sure Ime i'th way neuer to part from't,

La. Where left you your deare friend the *Colonell*?

Capt. Oh the deare *Colonell*, I should meete him soone,

La. Oh faile him not then, hees a Gentleman
The fame and reputation of your time
Is much engag'd to.

Capt. Yes, and you knew all mother.

La. I thought I'd knowne so much of his faire goodnes,
More could not haue bin look't for.

Capt. O yes, yes Madam.

And this his last exceeded all the rest.

La. For graticudes sake let me know this, I pre thee.

Capt. Then thus, and I desire your censure freely,
Whether it appeard not a strange noble kindnes in him.

A Faire Quarrell.

Lady. Trust me I long to hear't,

Capt. You know hees hasty,
That by the way,

Lady. So are the best conditions
Your Father was the like,

Capt. I begin now
To doubt me more, why am not I so too then,
Blood followes blood through forty generations,
And I'ue a slow pac't wrath, a shrewd *Dilemma*,

Lady. Well, as you were saying sir,

Capt. Marry thus good Madame,
There was in company a foule mouth'd villaine, *stay, stay,*
Who should I liken him to, that you haue scene,
He comes so neere one that I would not match him with,
Faith iust a'th Colonels pitch, hees nere the worse man,
Vferers haue bin compard ro Magistrates,
Extortiners to Lawyers, and the like,
But they all proue nere the worse men for that,

Lady. Thats bad enough, they need not,

Capt. This rude fellow,
A shame to all humanity or manners,
Breaths from the rottenes of his gall and mallice,
The foulest staine that euer mans fame blemisht,
Part of which fell vpon your honor Madame,
VWhich heighthend my affliction.

Lad. Mine? my honor sir?

Capt. The Colonel soone inrag'd,
(As hee's all touch-wood)
Takes fire before me, makes the quarrell his,
Appoynts the Field, my wrath could not be heard
His was so high pitch, so gloriously mounted,
Now whats the friendly feare, that fights within mee,
Should his braue noble Fury vndertake,
A cause that were vniust in our defence,
And so to loose him everlastingly,
In that darke depth where all bad quarrells sinke,
Neuer to rise againe, what pittie twere,
First to dye heere and neuer to dye there.

Lady

A Faire Quarrell.

Lady. Why whats the quarrel, speake fir: that should raise
Such fearefull doubt, my honour bearing part out:

The words what ere they were: *Capt.* Son of a whore.

La.. Thou lye'st, & were my loue ten thousand times more
Which is as much now, as ere mothers was, (to thee,
So thou shouldst feele my anger. Do'st thou call
That quarrel doubtfull; where are all my merites, *Strikes*
Not one stand vp to tell this man his error. *him.*
Thou might'st as well bring the Sun's truth in question,
As thy birth or my honour.

Capt. Now blessings crown you for't,
It is the ioyful'st blow that ere flesh felt.

Lady. Nay stay, stay fir, thou art not left so soone,
This is no question to be slighted of,
And at your pleasure close vp fayre agen,
As though you'de neuer toucht it, no honour doubted,
Is honour deeply wounded, and it rages
More then a common smart, being of thy making.
For thee to feare my truth, it kills my comfort,
Where should fame seeke for her reward, when he
That is her owne by the great tye of blood,
Is fardest of in bounty, O poore goodnes!
That onely pay'st thy selfe with thy owne works,
For nothing else looks towards thee. Tell me pray,
Which of my louing cares dost thou requite
With this vilde thought? which of my prayers or wishes?
Many thou owest me for, this seauen year hast thou known
A widdow, onely married to my vow: (me
Thats no small witnesse of my faith and loue
To him that in life was thy honored Father,
And liue I now to know that good mistrusted.

Capt. No, t'shall appeare that my beliefe is cherefull,
For neuer was a mothers reputation
Noblyer defended, tis my ioy and pride,
I haue a firme to bestow vpon it.

Lady. Whats that you said fir?

Capt. 'Twere too bold, and soone yet

A Fayre Quarrell.

To craue forgiuenesse of you. I will earne it first,
Dead or aliue, I know I shall enioy it.

Lady. Whats all this fir ?

Capt. My ioyes beyond expriſſion:
I do but thinke how wretched I had been,
Were this anothers quarrell, and not mine.

Lady. Why, is it yours ?

Capt. Mine ! Thinke me not so miserable,
Not to be mine: then were I worſe then abiect,
More to be loathde then vilenes; or ſins dunghill:
Nor did I feare your goodnes (faithfull Madame)
But came with greedy ioy to be confirme in't,
To giue the nobler onſet, then ſhines valour,
And admiration from her fix't Sphere drawes,
When it comes burniſht with a righteous cauſe,
Without which I'me ten ſadomes vnder coward,
That now am ten degrees aboue a man,
VVhich is but one of vertues eaſieſt wonders.

Lady. But pray ſtay; all this while I vnderſtood
The Colonel was the man. (you,

Capt. Yes, hee's the man,
The man of iniury, reproach and ſlander,
Which I muſt turne into his ſoule again. ✓

Lady. The Colonell doo't, thats ſtrange.

Capt. The villaine did it:
Thats not ſo ſtrange; --- your bleſſing and your

Lady. Come, come, you ſhall not goe. (leau

Capt. Not goe; were death
Sent now to ſummon me to my Eternity,
I deput him off an howre: why the whole world
Ha's not chains ſtrong inough to bind me from't:
The ſtrongeſt is my Reuerence to you,
VVhich if you force vpon me in this caſe;
I muſt be forc't to breake it.

Lady. Stay I ſay. (Madame.

Capt. In any thing commaund me but in this

La. Laſſe, I ſhall looſe him, you ſe heare me firſt.

Capt.

A Faire Quarrell.

Capt. At my returne I will.

Lady. You'l e neuer heare me more then.

Capt. How?

Lady. Come backe I say:

You may well thinke theres cause I call so often.

Capt. Hah, cause! what cause?

Lady. So much, you must not goe.

Capt. How?

Lady. You must not goe.

Capt. Must not, why?

Lady. I know a reason for't,

VWhich I could wish you'd yeeld to, & not know

If not, it must come forth. Faith, do not know,

And yet obey my will.

Capt. Why I desire

To know no other then the cause I haue,

Nor should you wish it, if you take your iniury

For one more great, I know the world includes not.

Lady. Yes, one that makes this nothing, -- yet berulde,

And if you vnderstand not, seeke no further.

Capt. I must, for this is nothing.

Lady. Then take all,

And if amongst it you receiue that secret

That will offend you, though you condemn mee,

Yet blame your selfe a little, for perhaps

I would haue made my reputation sound

Vpon an others hazard with lesse pittie;

But vpon yours I dare not.

Capt. How?

Lady. I dare not,

'Twas your owne seeking; this.

Capt. If you meane easily

I cannot vnderstand you, nor for all the riches

This life has, would I. *La.* would you neuer might.

Capt. Why, your goodnes, that I ioy to fight for.

Lady. In that you neither right your ioy nor me.

Capt. What an ill Orator has vertue got here?

A Faire Quarrell.

Why, shal I dare to thinke it a thing possible
That you were euer false?

Lady. Oh fearefully!
As much as you come to.

Capt. Oh silence, coner me,
Iue felt a deadlier wound then man can giue me, false.

Lady. I was betraide to a most sinfull howre
By a corrupted soule I put in trust once,
A Kinswoman.

Capt. Where is shee? let me pay her.

Lady. Oh, dead long since.

Capt. Nay then sh's all her wages:
False, do not say't, for honors goodnes doe not,
You neuer could be so, he I calde Father,
Deserud you at your best, when youth & merit
Could boast at highest in you, y'ade no grace,
Or vertue that he matcht not, no delight
That you inuented but he sent it crownde
To your full wishing soule.

Lady. That heapes my guiltineffe.

Cap. Oh, were you so vnhappy to be false,
Both to your selfe and me, but to me chiefly,
What a dayes hope is here lost, and with it
The ioyes of a iust cause. Had you but thought
On such a noble quarrell, you'd ha dyed
Ere you'd ha yeelded, for the sins hate first,
Next for the shame of this howres cowardize:
Curst be the heate that lost me such a cause,
A worke that I was made for. Quench my spirit,
And out with honors flaming lights within thee:
Be darke and dead to all respects of manhood,
I neuer shall haue vse of valour more:
Put off your vow for shame, why should you hearde vp
Such Injustice for a barren widdowhood,
That was so iniurious to the faith of wedlerke. *Exit Lady.*
I should be dead, for all my lifes works ended,
I dare not fight a stroke now, nor engadge

The

A Foyre Quarrell.

The noble resolution of my friends,

Enter two friends of Captaine Agers.

That were more vilde. Their here, kill me my shame,

I am not for the fellowship of honour.

1 *Friend.* Captaine, sic come sir, we haue been seeking for
very late to day, this was not wont to be, (you
Your enemies ith field,

Capt. Truth enters cheerefully.

2 *Friend.* Good faith sir y'au'e a royall quarrell on't,

Capt. Yes, in some other Country, *Spain* or *Italy*.
It would be held so.

1 *Friend.* How, and ist not here so?

Capt. Tis not so contumeliously receiue
In these parts, and you marke it,

1 *Friend.* Not in these?

Why pritheer what is more, or can be?

Capt. Yes,
That ordinary Commotioner the lye
Is Father of most quarrels in this Clymate,
And held here capitall, and you go to that.

2. *Fr.* But sir, I hope you will not go to that,
Or change your owne for it, *Sonne of a Whore*,
Why theres the Lye downe to posterity.

The lye to brith, the lye to honesty,
Why would you cussen your selfe so, and beguile
So braue a cause, Manhoods best Master peece,
Doe you euer hope for one so braue agen.

Capt. Consider then the man Colonell,
Exactly worthy, absolutely noble,
How euer spleene and rage abuses him;
And tis not wel, nor manly to pursue
A mans infirmity.

1 *Friend.* O miracle!

So hopesfull, valiant and compleate a Captaine,
Possess't with a tame deuill, come out, thou spoilest
The most improude yong souldier of seven kingdoms,
Made Captaine at nineteene, which was deseru'd

A Faire Quarrell.

The yeare before, but honor comes behind still,
Come out I say, this was not wont to be,
That spirit neuer stood in need of prouocation,
Nor shall it now. Away sir.

Capt. Urge me not.

1. F. By Manhoods reuerend honor but we must.

Capt. I will not fight a stroake.

1. Friend. O blasphemy
To sacred valour!

Capt. Leade me where you list.

1. Friend. Pardon this trayterous slumber, clogd with e-
Give Captaines rather wines then such tame dinels.

Exeunt.

Enter Physitian and Iane.

Ph. Nay Master, you must not be couer'd to me,
The Patient must ope to the Physitian
All her dearest sorrowes : Art is blinded else,
And cannot shew her mysticall effects.

Iane. Can Art be so dimlighted, learned sir?
I did not thinke her so incapacious:
You traine me (as I guesse) like a Coniurer,
One of our fiue Oraculous wizards,
who from the helpe of his Examinant,
By the neare guesse of his suspicion
Appoints out the thiefe by the marks he tels him:
Haue you no skill in Physiognomie?
what colour (sayes your coat) is my disease?
I am vnmarried, and it cannot be yellow,
If it be Mayden greene, you cannot misse it.

Phis. I cannot see that *vacuum* in your bloud:
But Gentlewoman, if you loue your selfe,
Loue my aduise, be free and plaine with me,
where lyes your grieve?

Iane. Where lyes my grieve indeed?
I cannot tell the truth where my grieve lyes,
But my Ioy's imprison'd. *Phis.* This is mysticall.

Ian. Lord, what plaine questions you make problemes of,

Your

Faire Quarrell.

Your Artis such a regular high way
That put you out of it, and you are lost:
My heart is imprison'd in my body, sir:
Theres all my ioy, and my sorrow too
Lyes very neere it.

Phys. They are bad adiuncts,
Your ioy and griefe lying so neare together,
Can propagate no happy issue, remoue
The one (and let it be the worst) your griefe,
If you'l e propose the best vnto your ioy.

Iane. why, now comes your skill: what phyficke for it?

Phys. Now I haue found you out, you are in loue.

Iane. I thinke I am, what your appliance now?
Can all your Paracelsian mixtures cure it,
'T must be a Surgeon of the Ciuill Law,
I feare that must cure me.

Phi. Gentlewoman,
If you knew well my heart, you would not bee
So circular, the very common name
Of Physitian might reprove your nicencsse,
wee are as secret as your Confessors,
And as firme oblig'd, tis a fine like death
For vs to blab.

Iane. I will trust you, yet sir,
I had rather doe it by Atturney to you,
I else haue blushes that will stop my tongue
Haue you no friend so friendly as your selfe
Of mine owne Sexe, to whom I might impart
My sorrowes to you at the second hand.

Phi. why law, there I hit you, & be confirme,
He giue you such a bosome counsellor,
That your own tong shall be sooner false to you,
Make your selfe vnready, and be naked to her:
He fetch her presently.

Exi Physitian.

Iane. I must reueale
My shame will else take tongue, & speake before
Tis a necessity impulsive drives me:

Oh

A Faint Quarren.

Oh my hard fate. but my more hard father,
That Father of my fate, a father said I:
What a strange Paradoxe I run into,
I must accuse two fathers of my fate
And fault, a reciprocall generation,
The father of my fault would haue repairde,
His faulty issue, but my Fates Father hinders it:
Then Fate and fault, where euer I begin,
I must blame both, and yet 'twas loue did sinne.

Enter Physitian, and Anne his sister.

Phy. Looke you Mistres, heres's your closet put
What you please, you euer keep the key of it. (in,
Iane. Let me speake priuate, fir.

Phy. Withall my heart,
I will be more then mine cares length from you.
Iane. You hold some indeared place with this Gent.

An. Hee's my brother forsooth, I his creature,
He does command me any lawfull office
Eyther in act or counsell.

Iane. I must not doubt you,
Your brother ha's protested secrefie,
And strengthened me in you: I must lay ope
A guilty sorrow to you: I am with child,
Tis no blacke Swan I shew you, these spots sticke
Vpon the face of many gee for maides,
I that had face ynough to do the deed,
Cannot want tongue to speake it: but tis to you,
Whom I accept my helper.

Anne. Mistris, tis lock't
Within a Castle that's invincible,
It is too late to wish it were vndone.

Ia. I haue scarce a wish within my selfe so strong
For vnderstand me, tis not all so ill,
As you may yet conceit it: this deed was done
VWhen heauen had witnes to the Iugall knot,

Onely

Onely the barren ceremonie wants.
Which by an aduerse Father is abridged.

Anne. Would my pittie could helpe you.

Jane. Your counsell may.

My Father yet shootes widest from my sorrow,
And with a care indulgent seeing me chang'd
From what I was, sends for your good brother
To finde my griefe, and practise remedy:
You know it, giue it him, but if a fourth
Be added to this counsell: I will say
Ye'are worse then you can call me at the worst.
At this aduantage of my reputation.

Anne. I will reuiue a reputation,
That women long has lost, ile keepe counsell.
Ile onely now oblige my teeth to you,
And they shall bite the blabber if it offer
To breath on an offending syllable. (Father.

Jane. I trust you, go, whisper, here comes my

Enter Russell, Chawgh, and Trimtram.

Russ. Sir. you are welcome, more, and most welcome,
All the degrees of welcome: thrice welcome sir.

Chaw. Is this your daughter, sir?

Russ. Mine onely ioy, sir.

Chaw. Ile shew her the Cornish hug, sir, -- I haue kist
you now sweet heart, and I neuer doe any kindnesse to
my friendes, but I vse to hitte'am in the teeth with it pre-
sently.

Trim. My name is *Trimtram* forsooth, looke what my mas-
ter does, I vse to doe the like.

Anne. You are deceiu'd, sir, I am not this Gentlewo-
mans seruant, to make your courtesie equall.

Chaw. You doe not know me Mistresse.

Jane. No indeed, I doubt I shall learne too soone.

Chaw. My name is *Chawgh*, a Cornish Gentleman, my
mans mine owne countrian too yfaith: I warrant, you
tooke vs for some of the small *Islanders*.

Jane. I did indeed, betweene the *Scotch* and *Irish*.

E

Chaw.

A Faire Quarrell.

Chaw. Red-shankes? I thought so by my truth; no truely,
we are right Cornish Diamonds.

Trim. Yes, we cut out quarrels, and breake glasses, where

Phis. If it be hidden from her Father, yet (wee goe,
His ignorance vnderstands well his knowledge,
For this (I guesse) to be some rich coxcombe
Hee de put vpon his daughter,

An. Thats plainely so.

Phys. Then only shee's beholding to our helpe
For the close deliury of her burden,
Else all's ouerthrowne.

An. And pray be faithfull in that sir.

Phys. Tush, we Physicians are the truest
Alchymists, that from the ore and drosse of sinne,
Can new distill a Maydenhead agen.

Russ. How doe you like her sir?

Chaw. Troth I doe like her sir in the way of comparison
to any thing that a man would desire. I am as high as the
Mount in loue with her already, and thats as far as I can go
by land, but I hope to goe further by water with her one

Russ. I tell you sir, she has lost some colour, (day.
By wrastring with a peeuissh sicknes now of late.

Chaw. Wrastring? nay and she loue wrastring, Ile teach her a
tricke to ouerthrow any peeuissh sicknes in London, what ere
it be.

Russ. Well, she had a rich beauty though I say't,
Nor is it lost: a little thing repayres it.

Chaw. Shee shall commaund the best thing that I haue in
yfaith. (Middlesex,

Russ. Well sir, talke with her, giue her a relish
Of your good liking to her, you shall haue time
And fre e accessse to finish what you now begin,

Iane. What meanes my father? my loues vniust restraint,
My shame were it publisht, both together
Could not afflict me like this odious foole:
Now I see why he hated my Fitz-Allen.

Chaw. Sweet Lady, your father sayes you are a wrastring,
if

A Faire Quarrell.

if you loue that sport, I loue you the better. Ifaith I loue it as well as I loue my meate after supper, tis indeed meate, drinke and cloth to me.

Iane. Me thinkes it should reare your clothes, fir.

Chaw. Not a rag yfaith; *Trimtram* hold my cloake, -- Ile wrastle a fall with you now, Ile show you a trick that you neuer saw in your life.

Iane. Oh good fir forbear, I am no wrastler.

Phy. Good fir take heed, you'le hurt the Gentlewoman.

Chaw. I will not catch beneath the waste belieue it, I know fayre play,

Iane. Tis no womans exercise in *London*, fir.

Chaw. Ile nere belieue that, the hug and the locke betweene man and woman, with a fayre fall, is as sweete an exercise for the body, as you'l desire in a sommers eueing.

Phy. Sir, the Gentlewoman is not well,

Chaw. It may be you are a Physitian, fir.

Phyf. Tis so, fir.

Chaw. I say then, and ile stand too't, three ounces of wrastling with two hippos, a yard of a greene gowne put together in the Intourne, is as good a medicine for the greene sicknesse as euer breathd.

Trim. Come fir, take your cloake agen, I see here will be nere a match.

Iane. A match? I'de rather bee matcht from a Muskets mouth, and shot vnto my death.

Chaw. Ile wrastle with any man for a good supper.

Trim. I marry fir, ile take your part there, catch that catch

Phy. Sir, she is willing too't. There at my house, (may. She shall be private, and neare to my attendance, I know you not mistrust my faithfull care, I shall returne her soone and perfectly.

Ruff. Take your charge fir, go with this gentleman (*Iane*) But pritheelooke well this way, ere thou go'st, 'Tis a rich Simplicity of great Estate:
A thing that will be rul'd, and thou shalt rule,
Consider of your sexes generall ayme.

A Faire Quarrell.

That domination is a womans heauen.

Iane. Ile thinke on't sir.

Russ. My daughter is retiring, sir.

Chaw. I will part at *Dartmouth* with her, sir, Oh that thou didst but loue wrastling, I would giue any man three foiles on that condition.

Trim. There's three sorts of men that would thanke you for 'um, eyther Cutlers, Fencers, or Players.

Russ. Sir as I began, I end, wondrous welcome.

Exit Russ. Iane, Phys. An.

Trim. What, will you go to schoole to day? you are enterd you know, and your quarterige runs on.

Chaw. What? to the roaring schoole? pox on't, 'tis such a damnable noyse, I shall neuer attaine it neyther: I doe wonder they haue neuer a Wrastling Schoole, that were worth twenty of your fencing or dancing schooles.

Trim. Wel, you must learne to roare here in *London*, you'le neuer proceede in the reputation of Gallantrie else.

Chaw. How long ha's Roaring been an exercise, thinkest thou *Trimtram*.

Trim. Euer since Guns came vp, the first was your roaring

Ch. Meg? Then 'twas a woman was the first roarer: (*Meg*

Trim. I, a fire of her tuch-hole, 'that cost many a proper mans life since that time: and then the Lyons they learn't it from the Guns, liuing so neare 'um, then it was heard to the Banckeside, and the Beares they beganne to roare: then the boyes got it, and so euer since there haue beene a company of roaring boyes.

Chaw. And how long will it last, thinkest thou?

Trim. As long as the Water runs vnder *London Bridge*, or Watermen at *Westminster* stayres.

Chaw. Well, I will beginne to roare too, since it's in fashion. Oh *Corineus*, this was not in thy time, I should haue heard on't by the tradition of mine Ancestors (for I'me sure there were *Chawghes* in thy dayes) if it had beene so, when *Hercules* and thou wert on the *Olympicke* mout together, then was wrastling in request.

Trim

A Faire Quarrell.

Trim. I, and that Mount is now the Mount in *Cornwall*.
Corineus brought it thither vnder one of his arms, they say.

Chaw. Oh *Corineus* my predecessor: that I had but liu'd
in those dayes to see thee wrastle, on that condition I had
dyed seuen yeare ago.

Trim. Nay, it should haue been a dozen at least, yfaith, on
that condition. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Captaine Ager with his two friends.

Capt. Well, your wils now.

1. Our Wils? our Loues, our Duties
To honord Fortitude: What wils haue we
But our desires to Noblenes and Merit?
Valours aduancement, and the sacred Rectitude
Due to a valourous cause.

Capt. Oh, thats not mine.

2. War ha's his court of Iustice, that's the field,
Where all cases of Manhood are determind,
And your case is no meane one.

Capt. True, then 'twere vertuous:
But mine is in extreames, fowle and vniust:
Well, now y'ae got me hither, y'are as far
To seeke in your desire, as at first minute:
For by the strength and honour of a vow,
I will not lift a finger in this quarrell.

1. How? not in this? be not so rash a sinner:
Why fir, doe you euer hope to fight agen the
Take heede on't, you must neuer looke for that,
Why the vniuersall stocke of the Worlds iniury,
Will bee too poore to finde a quarrell for you:
Giue vp your right and title to desert, fir,
If you sayle vertue here, thee needes you not:
All your time after, let her take this wrong,
And neuer presume then to serue her more:

A Fayre Quarrell.

Bid farewell to the integrity of armes,
And let that honourable name of Souldier
Fall from you like a shiuered wreath of Lawrell
By Thunder stricke from a desertlesse forehead,
That weares anothers right by vsurpation.
Good Captaine, do not wilfully cast away
At one houre all the fame your life ha's won:
This is your natiue seate, here you should seeke
Most to preferue it, or if you will doate
So much on life (poore life) which in respect
Of life in honour is but death and darknesse
That you will proue neglectfull of your selfe,
Which is to me too fearefull to imagine,
Yet for that vertuous Ladies cause (your mother)
Her Reputation, deere to Noblenesse
As grace to penitence, whose fayre memory,
Ee'n crowns fame in your issue, for that blessed-
Giue not this ill place, but in spite of hell, (nes,
And all her base feares, be exactly valiant,

Capt. Oh -o-o

2 Why, well sayd, thetes fayre hope in that,
Another such a one.

Capt. Came they in thousands?
Tis all against you.

1. Then poore friendlesse merite,
Heauē be good to thee, thy professor leaues thee:

Enter Colonell and his two friends.

Hee's comd, do but you draw, wee'le fight it for

Capt. I know too much to grant that. (you.

1. O dead manhood!

Had euer such a cause for saynt a seruant?

Shame brand me if I do not suffer for him

Colo. I've heard sir, ya've bin guilty of much boasti
For your braue earlines at such a meeting,
Y'aue lost the glory of that way this morning:
I was the first to day.

Capt. So were you euer.

In

In my respect sir.

1. O most base *Preludium*!

Capt. I neuer thought on Victory our Mistres
With greater reuerence then I haue your worth,
Nor euer lou'd her better.

1. Slight, I could knocke his braines about his heeles,
mee thinkes.

2. Peace, prithee peace.

Capt. Successe in you has beene my absolute ioy, (ship.
And when I haue wisht content, I haue wisht your friend-

1. Stay, let me but run him through the tongue a little,
Theres Lawyers bloud in't, you shal see foule geere streight

2. Come you are as mad now, as hee's cowardous.

Col. I came not hither sir for an *Encomium*.

1. No, the more Coxcombe he, that clawes the head
Of your vaine glory with't!

Col. I came prouided
For Stormes and Tempests, and the fowlest Season
That euer Rage let forth, or blew in wildnesse
From the incensed prison of mans bloud.

Capt. Tis otherwise with me, I come with Mildnesse,
Peace, constant Amity, and calme Forgiuenes,
The weather of a Cristian and a friend.

1, Giue me a valiant Turke, though not worth ten pence,

Cap. Yet sir, the world will iudge the iniury mine. (rather.
Insufferable mine, mine beyond iniury,

Thousands haue made a lesse wrong reach to hel,

I, and reioyc't in his most endlesse vengeance,

(A miserable triumph, though a iust one)

But when I call to memory our long friendship

Me thinkes it cannot be too great a wrong.

That then I should not pardon, why should man,

Eor a poore hasty syllable or two,

(And vented onely in forgetfull fury)

Cheine all the hopes and riches of his soule

To the reuenge of that, dye, lost for euer:

For he that makes his last peace with his Maker

In

In anger, anger is his peace eternally:
He must expect the same returne againe,
Whose venture is deceitfull. Must he not sir?

Col. I see what I must do, fairely put vp agens
For here'le be nothing done, I perceiue that.

Capt. What shall be done in such a' worthlesse businesse?
But to be sorry, and to be forgiuen.
You sir to bring repentance, and I pardon.

Col. I bring repentance sir?

Capt. If it be too much
To say Repentance: Call it what you please sir:
Chuse your owne word, I know you'r sorry for't, and that.

Col. I sorry? by fames honour, I am wrongd: (as good,
Doe you seeke for peace, and draw the quarrell largere?

Capt. Then tis: I'me sorry that I thought you so.

1. A Captaine, I could gnaw his title of.

Capt. Nor is it any misbecomming vertue, sir,
In the best manlines to repent a wrong,
Which made me bold with you.

1. I could cuff his head off,

2. Nay: pish.

1. Pox on him, I could eate his buttocke bak't me thinks.

Col. So, once agen take thou thy peacefull rest then,
But as I put thee vp: I must proclaime
This Captaine here, both to his friends and mine,
That onely came to see fayre valour righted,
A base submissiue coward; so I leaue him.

*Offers to go
away.*

Capt. Oh, heauen has pittied my excessiue patience,
And sent me a cause: now I haue a cause:
A coward I was neuer: --- Come you backe sir?

Col. How?

Cap. You left a coward here?

Col. Yes sir, with you.

Cap. 'Tis such base mettell sir: 'twill not be taken,
It must home agen with you.

2. Should this be true now.

1. Impossible, coward do more then bastard?

Col.

A Faire Quarrell.

Col. I prethee mocke me not, take heed you do not,
For if I draw once more, I shall grow terrible,
And rage will force me doe what will grieue honour.

Capt. Ha, ha, ha.

Col. He smiles, dare it be he? what thinke you Gentlemē?
Your iudgements, shall I not be cussend in him?
This cannot be the man? why he was bookish,
Made an inuectiue lately against fighting,
A thing introth that moud a little with me,
Put vp a fowler contumely far.

Then thousand cowards came to, & grew thank-

Capt. Blessed remembrance in time of need? (full
I'de lost my honour else.

2. Do you note his ioy?

Capt. I neuer felt a more seuer necessity.

Then came thy excellent pittie. - Not yet ready?
Haue you such confidence in my iust manhood:
That you dare so long trust me, and yet tempt me
Beyond the tolleration of mans vertue,

Why? would you be more cruel then your iniury?
Do you first take pride to wrong me, & then think
Not worth your iury, do not vse me so: (me

I shall deceyue you then: sir, eyther draw,
And that not sleightingly, but with the care
Of your best preservation, with that watchfulnes,
As you'd defend your selfe from circular fire,
Your sins rage, or her Lord, this will require it,
Or you'le be too soone lost, for I'ue an anger
Has gathered mighty strength against your mighty;
Yet you shall find it honest to the last,
Noble and Fayre.

Col. I'le ventur'te once agen.

And it be but as true, as it is wondrous,
I shall haue that I come for, Your leaue Gent.

1. If he should doo't indeed, & deceiues al now:
Stay, by this hand he offers; fights yfaith,
Fights: by this light he fights fir.

A Fayre Quarrell.

2. So me thinkes fir.

1. An absolute Punto: hey.

2. !I was a Passado fir.

1. Why let it passe, and 'twas, I'me sure, 't was somewhat,
Whats that now.

2. Thats a Punto.

1. O goe to then,

I knew 'twas not farre off: What a worlds this?

Is coward a more stirring meat then bastard, my Masters?

Put in more egges for shame when you get children,

And make it true Court custard. -- Ho? I honor thee:

Tis right and fayre, and he that breathes against it,

He breathes against the iustice of a man,

And man to cut him off: tis no iniustice.

Thanks, thanks, for this most v unexpected noblenes.

Cap. Truth neuer sayles her seruant, fir, nor leaues him
With the dayes shame vpon him.

1. Th'ast redeemde

Thy worth to the same height 'twas first esteemde.

Exeunt Capitaine and his friends.

Col. 1. Friend. Alasse, how is it fir: giue vs some hope

Of your stay with vs: Let your spirit bee seene

Above your fortune, the best fortitude

Ha's been of Fate ill friended: Now force your Empire,

And raigne above your bloud, spite of deiection,

Reduce the Monarchie of your abler mind,

Let not flesh streighten it,

Col. Oh, iust Heaven has found me,

And turnde the strings of my too hasty Iniuries

Into my owne bloud, I pursude my ruine,

And vrgde him past the patience of an Angell.

Could mans reuenge extend beyond mans life:

This would ha' wak't it, If this flame will light me

But till I see my sister: tis a kinde one.

More I expect not from t, Noble deseruer:

Farewell most valiant, and most wrong'd of men, *Exeunt,*

Do but forgiue me, & I am Victor then. *led by them.*

Enter

A Faire Quarrell.

Enter Physitian, Iane, Anne, Dutch Nurse with the child.

Phys. Sweet Fro, to your most indulgent care,
Take this my hearts ioy, I must not tell you,
The vlew of this iewell in my bosome. (you,

Nur. Dat you may vell, fir, der can niet forstoore

Ph. Indeed I cannot tell you, you know Nurse,
These are aboue the quantity of prise,
Where is the glory of the goodliest trees
But in the fruit and branches? The old stocke
Must decay, and sprigs, syens such as these
Must become new stockes from vs to glory,
In their fruitfull issue, so we are made
Immortall on by other.

Nur. You spreke a most lieben fader, and Ick fall do de
best of tender Nurses to dis Infant, my prettie Frokin.

Phys. I know you will be louing, here sweet friend, *Gine.*
Heere's earnest of a large summe of loue and coyne. *money.*
To quit your tender care,

Iane. I haue some reason too, *Gine*
To purchase your deare care vnto this Infant. *money.*

Nurs. You be de witnesse of de Baptisme, dat is, as you
spreken: de godimother, Ick vell forstoor it so.

Iane. Yes, I am the bad mother: If it be offence. *Aside.*

Ann. I must be a little kinde too. *Gine*
money.

Nurs. Much tankes to you all: dis child is much belouen:
and Ick fall see much care ouer it.

Phys. Farewell good sisters: Show her the way forth,
I shall often visite you, kind Nurse.

Nurs. You fall be velcome. *Exeunt Ann. and Nurse.*

Iane. Oh fir, what a friend haue I found in you:
Where my poore power shall stay in the requitall,
Your selfe must from your fayre condition
Make vp in meere acceptance of my will.

Phys. Oh, pray you vrge it not, we are not borne
For our selues onely, selfe loue is a sinne,
But in our louing donatiues to others,
Mans vertue best consists, loue all begets,

A Fayre Quarrell.

Without, all are adulterate and counterfeite.

Lam. Your boundlesse loue I cannot satisfie,
But with a mentall memory of your vertues,
Yet let me not ingage your cost withall,
Beseech you then take restitution
Of paines and bounty which you haue disburs't
For your poore debter.

Phyf. You will not offer it:
Do not esteeme my loue so mercenary,
To be the hyre of coyne? Sure, I shall thinke
You doe not hold so worthily of me
As I wish to deserue.

Lam. Not recompence!
Then you will begge me with too much credit,
If not sufficient, you preserue my name,
Which I had forseyted to shame and scorne:
Couer my vices with a vaile of loue,
Defend and keepe me from a fathers rage,
Whose loue yet infinite (not knowing this)
Might (knowing) turne a hate as infinite:
Sure he would throw me euer from his blessings,
And cast his curses on me: yes, further,
Your secrecie keepes me in the state of woman:
For else what husband would chuse me his wife:
Knowing the honour of a Bride were lost,
I cannot number halfe the good you doe me,
In the concealde retention of my sinne,
Then make me not worse then I was before,
In my ingratitude, good sir.

Phyf. Agen.
I shall repent my loue (if you'le so call it)
To be made such a Hackney, giue me coyne?
I had as leaue you gaue me poyson (Lady)
For I haue Art and Antidotes gain't that,
I might take that, but this I will refuse.

Lam. Well you then teach me how I may requite
In some small quantity.

Phyf.

A Faire Quarrell.

Phy. 'T was that I look'd for.

Aside.

Yes, I will tell you Lady a full quittrancee,
And how you may become my Creditresse.

Iane. I beseech you do sir.

Phy. Indeed I will Lady,

Not in coyne, Mistris, for silver though white,

Yet it drawes blacke lines: It shall not rule my

There to marke forth his base corruption: (palme

Pay me agen in the same quality

That I to you rendred, that's loue for loue

Can you loue me Lady? you haue confest

My loue to you.

Iane. Most amply.

Phy. Why faith then,

Pay me backe that way.

Iane. How do you meane, sir?

Phy. Tush, our meanings are better vnderstood

Then shifted to the tongue, it brings along

A little blabbing bloud into our cheekes,

That shames vs when we speake.

Iane. I vnderstand you not.

Phy. Fie, you doe, make not your selfe ignorant

In what you know, you haue tane forth the lesson

That I would read to you.

Iane. Sure then I need not,

Reade it agen, sir.

Phy. Yes, it makes perfect,

You know the way vnto *Achillis* speare,

If that hurt you, I haue the cure you see.

Iane. Come, y'are a good man, I do perceiue you:

You put a tryall to me, I thanke you,

Y'are my iust Confessor, and belceue me,

I'le haue no further penance for this sinne:

Conuert a yeare vnto a lasting euer,

And call't *Apollo's* smile, 'twas oncel then neuer.

Phy. Pray you mistake me not, indeed I loue you.

Iane. Indeed, what deed?

A Faire Quarrell.

Phy. The deed that you haue done.

Iane. I cannot believe you,

Phy. Believe the deed then.

Iane. Away, y'are a Blackamore, you loue me?

I hate you for your loue : Are you the man

That in your painted outside seem'd so white?

Oh, y'are a foule dissembling Hypocrite,

You sau'd me from a thiefe that your selfe might rob me,

Skin'd ore a greene wound to breed an vlcere,

Is this the practise of your Physicke Colledge?

Phys. Haue you yet vtter'd all your nicenesse forth?

If you haue more, vent it, certes I thinke

Your first grant was not yeelded with lesse paine,

If'twere, you haue your prise, yeeld it againe.

Iane. Pray you, tell me fir, (I ask't it before)

Is it a practise 'mongst you Physicians.

Phy. Tush, thats a secret, We cast al waters.

Should I reueale, you would mistrust my counsell.

The Lawyer and Physician here agrees

To women Clients they giue backe their fees,

And is not that kindnesse?

Iane. This for thy loue,

Out, outside of a man: thou Cynanon tree,

That but thy bark hast nothing good about thee

The Vnicorne is hunted for his horne,

The rest is left for carion: Thou false man,

Tha't fisht with siluer hookes and golden baits:

But I'le auoyde all thy deceiuing sleights.

Phys. Doe what you list, I will do something too:

Remember yet what I haue done for you,

Y'au'e a good face now, but 'twill grow rugged

Ere you grow old: old men will despise you

Think on your Grandam *Helen* the fairest Queen

When in a new glasse she spied her old face:

Shee (smiling) wept to thinke vpon the change,

Take your time, y'are craz'd, y'are an apple false

From the tree, if you be kept long, you le rot.

A Faire Quarrell.

Study your answer well, yet I loue you.

If you refuse I haue a hand aboue.

Exit Phys.

Iane. Poyson thy selfe, thou foule Emppoysoner:

Of thine owne practise drinke the *Theorie.*

What, a White Diuill haue I met withall?

What shall I doe? What doe I st a question?

Nor shame, nor hate, nor feare, nor lust, nor force

(Now being too bad) shall euer make mee worie,

Enter Anne.

What haue we here? a second spirit.

Anne. Mistresse,

I am sent to you.

Iane. Is your message good?

Anne. As you receyue it, my brother sent me,

And you know he loues you.

Iane. I heard say so;

But 'twas a false report.

Anne. Pray, pardon me, I must doe my message,

Who liues (commanded) must obey his Keeper.

I must perswade you to this act of woman.

Iane. Woman! of Strumpet

Anne. Indeed of Strumpet,

He takes you at aduantage of your fall,

Seeing you downe before.

Iane. Curse on his fained smiles.

An. Hee's my brother Mistresse, & a curse on you

If ere you blesse him with that cursed deede,

Hang him, poyson him, he held out a Rose,

To draw the yeelding fence, which come to hand

He shifts, and giues a canker.

Iane. You speake well yet.

Ann. I, but Mistresse, now I consider it,

Your reputation lyes at his mercy,

Your fault dwels in his brest, say, he throw it out,

It will be knowne, how are you then vndone?

Thinke on't, your good name, and they are not to be solde,

In euery market, a good name's deare,

And indeed more esteemed then our actions,

By

By which wee should deserue it.

Iane. Aye me most wretched.

Anne. What? doe you shrinke at that?

Would you not weare one spot vpon your face,

To keepe your whole body from a leprosie,

Though it were vndiscoverd euer, hang him,

Feare him not. Horseleeches sucke out his corrupt bloud,

Draw you none from him, lesse it be pure and good.

Iane. Do you speake your soule?

Anne. By my soule doe I.

Iane. Then yet I haue a friend; but thus exhort me,

And I haue still a collumbe to support me,

(forgot,

Anne. One fault Heauen soone forgives, and tis on earth

The Moone her selfe is not without one spot.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lady Ager, meeting one of her servants.

Lady. Now sir, where is he? speake, why comes he not?

I sent you for him; blisse this fellowes senses:

What has he scene? a soule nine houres entranced,

Houering twixt hell and heauen, could not wake gastlier,

Enter Servant.

Not yet returne an answer? What say you sir?

Where is he?

2. Ser. Gon?

Lady. What sayst thou?

2. Ser. He is gone Madame.

But as we heard, vnwillingly hee went

As euer bloud enforc'd. *La.* Went, whether went he?

2. Ser. Madam, I feare, I ha said too much already.

La. These men are both agreed, speake, whether went he?

2. Ser. Why to--I would you'd thinke the rest your selfe

Lady. Mecke Patience blese me.

(Madame.

2. Ser. To the field.

1. Ser. To fight, Madame.

Lady. To fight?

1. Ser. There came two vrging Gentlemen,

That cal'd themselves his seconds, both so powerfull,

As tis reported they preuaile with him,

With little labour,

Lady

A Faire Quarrell.

La. O hees lost, hees gone,
For all my paines, hee's gone; two meeting torrents
Are not so mercilesse as their two rages,
Hee neuer comes agen, -- wretched affections
Haue I belied my faith? hatred my goodness?
Slaunderd my honour for his praerustations
Hauiug but onely him; and yet no happier.
Tis then a iudgment plaine, truths angrie with mee,
In that I would abuse her sacred whitnesse,
For any wordly temporall respect:
Forgiue me then thou glorious womans vertue,
Admir'd where ere thy habitation is,
Especially in vs weake ones: Oh forgiue mee,
For tis thy vengeance this, to belie truth,
VVhich is so hardly ours, with such paine purchas'd
Fastings, and pralers, continence and care,
Misery must needs ensue: Let him not dye
In that vnehaft beliefe of his false birth,
And my disgracet: VVhat euer Angell guides him,
May this request be with my teares obtaind,
Let his soule know, my honour is vnstaind,
Runne, seeke, away, if there be any hope, *Exeunt Seru.*
Let me not loose him yet; when I thinke on him,
His decreases, and his worth, it eames me more,
They that know riches tremble to be poore,
My passion is not euey womans sorrow,
She must be truly honest feelles my greefe,
And onely knowne to One, if such there bee,
They know the sorrow that oppresseth mee. *Exit.*

Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter the Colonels Second, Vsher &c, with Chaugh and Trim.

Second. Truth sir, I must needs blame you for a Trewant,
hauiug but one lesson read to you and neglect so soone: I ye,
I must see you once a day at least.

Chaugh

A Faire Quarrell.

Chaugb. Would I were whipt Tutor if it were not long of my man *Trimtram* here.

Trim. Who, of mee?

Cha. Tak't vpon the *Trim*. He giue the five shillings, as I am a Gentleman.

Trim. He see you whipt first: well, I will too; faith sir, I saw he was not perfect, and I was loth he should come before to shame himselfe.

Sec. How? shame sir? is it a shame for Schollers to learne? Sir, there are great Schollers that are but slenderly read in our profession: fir, first it must be *Oeconomicall*, then *Oecumenicall*: shame not to practise in the house how to performe in the field: the naile that is driuen takes a little hould at the first stroke, but more at the second, and more at the third, but when tis home to the head, then tis firme.

Cha. Faith I haue bene driving it home to the head this two dayes.

Trim. I helpt to hammer it in as well as I could too sir.

Sec. VVell sir, I will heare you rehearse anon, meane time peruse the exemplary of my bills, and tell me in what language I shal rore a Lecture to you; or ile read to you the Mathematicall science of Roaring.

Cha. Is it Mathematicall?

Sec. Oh sir, does not the windes roare: the Sea roare? the Welkin roare: indeed, most thinges doe roare by nature, and is not the knowledge of these thinges Mathematicall?

Cha. Pray prooceed sir.

reads his bill

Sec. The names of the languages, the *Sclauonian*, *Parthamenian*, *Barmecothian*, *Tiburnian*, *Wappinganian*, or the moderne *Londonian*. Any man or woman that is desirous to roare in any of these languages, in a weeke they shall be perfect, if they will take paines; so let 'um repaire into Holborne to the signe of the Cheat loafe.

Cha. Now your bill speakes of that, I was wondring a good while at your signe, the loafe lookes very like bread: faith, but why is it called the cheate loafe?

Second. This house was sometimes a Bakers shopp, that serued the Court where the bread is called cheate.

Trim:

A Faire Quarrell.

Trim. I, I, twas a Baker that cheated the Count with bread.

Sec. Well sir, choose your languages: and your Lectures shal be read, betweene my *Usher* and my selfe, for your better instruction, provided your conditions be performed in the premisses before said,

Chan. Looke you sir, theres twenty pound in hand, and twenty more I am to pay when I am allowed a sufficient Roarer.

Sec. You speake in good earnest sir.

Chan. Yes faith doe I *Trimtram* shall be my witnes.

Trim. Yes indeed sir, twenty pound is very good earnest.

Usher. Sir one thing I must tell you belongs to my place, you are the youngest Scholler, and till another comes vnder you, there is a certaine garnish belongs to the Schoole, for in our practise we grow to a quarrell: then there must be wine ready to make all friends, for thats the end of Roaring, 'tis valiant but harmelesse, and this charge is yours.

Chan. With all my heart ifaith and I like it the better: because no blood comes on it, who shall fetch?

2. Roar. He be your Spanniell sir.

Sec. Bid Vapor, bring some Tobacco too,

Chan. Doe and heere's mony for't. *Exit 2. Roarer.*

Usher. No, you shall not, let me see the mony: so, He keep it, and discharge him after the Combat, for your practise sake you and your man shall roare him out on't, (for indeed you must pay your debts so: for thats one of the maine ends of Roaring) and when you haue left him in a chase, then He qualifie the Rascall.

Chan. Content ifaith *Trim.* wee le Roare the rusty Rascall out of his Tobacco.

Trim. I and he had the best Craccus in London.

Sec. Obserue Sir, wee could now roare in the Slanonian Language, but this practise hath becom a little sublime: some hayres breadth or so aboue your Caput; I take it for your vse and vnderstanding both it were fitter for you to tast the moderne assault, only the Londonian Roare.

Chan. Ifaith sir, that's for my purpose, for I shall vse all my
G 2 roaring

A Faire Quarrell.

roaring heere in London: in Cornewall wee are all for wraffling, and I doe not meane to trauell ouer sea to roare there.

Sec. Obserue then fir, but it were necessary you took forth your tables, to note the most difficult poynts for the better assistance of your memory.

Chan. Nay fir, my man and I keep two Tables.

Trim. I fir, and as many trenchers, cattes meat and dogges meate enough.

Sec. Note fir, -- Dost thou confront my *Cyclops*!

Vsb. With a *Briarean* Bronsted:

Chan. *Cyclops*. *Trim.* *Briarean*.

Sec. I know thee and thy lineall pedigree,

Vsher. It is Collateral: as *Brutus* and *Posthumus*.

Trim. *Brutus*.

Chan. *Posthumus*.

Sec. False as the face of *Heccate*: thy sister is a --

Vsb. What is my Sister *Centaure*?

Seco. I say thy Sister is a *Bronstrops*.

Vsb. A *Bronstrops*!

Chan. Tutor, Tutor, ere you goe any further, tell mee the English of that, what is a *Bronstrops* pray.

Se. A *Bronstrops* is in English a *Hippocrene*.

Chan. A *Hippocrene*, note it *Trim.* I loue to vnderstand the English as I goe.

Trim. Whats the English of *Hippicrene*.

Chan. Why *Bronstrops*?

Vsb. Thou dost obtreect my flesh and blood,

Sec. Agen, I denounce, thy sister is a fructifer,

Chan. What's that Tutor?

Sec. That is in English a *Fucus* or a *Minotaure*.

Chan. A *Minotaure*:

Chan. A *Fucus*.

Vsb. I say thy mother is a *Callicent*, a *Panagron*,

a *Duplar* and a *Sindicus*.

Sec. Dislocate thy *Bladud*.

Vsb. *Bladud* shall coniuire, if his Demons once appeare,

Enter 2. Roarer with Wine, and Vapor with Tobacco.

Sec. Aduance thy responsency.

Chan.

A Faire Quarrell.

Chau. Nay good gentleman, doe not fall out, a cup of wine quickly *Trimtram.*

Vsh. See my steele hath a glister,

Chau. Pray wipe him, and put him vp againe good *Vsher.*

Vsh. Sir at your request I pull downe the Flag of defiance.

Sec. Giue me a boule of Wine my fury shall bee quencht, heere *Vsher.*

Vsh. I pledge thee in good friendship.

Chau. I like the conclusion of Roaring very well ifaith.

Trim. It has an excellent conclusion indeed, if the Wine be good, alwayes provided.

Seco. O the wine must be alwayes provided be sure of that.

Vsh. Else you spoyle the conclusion, and that you know crownes all.

Chau. Tis much like wrestling ifaith: for wee shake hands ere we begint now thars to avoid the Law, for then if hee throw him a furlong into the grownd, hee cannot recouer himtelse vpon him, because twas done in cold friendship.

Seco. I beseeue you sir.

Chau. And then we drinke afterwards, iust in this fashon, wrestling and Roaring are as like as can bee ifaith, euen like long sword and halfe pike.

Sec. Nay they are reciprocall if you marke it, for as there is a grear Roaring at Wrestling: so there is a kinde of wrestling and contention at Roaring.

Chau. True ifaith, for I haue heard 'um roare from the fixe windmilles to *Islington*: those haue beene great falls then.

Ser. Come, now a brieft reherfall of your other dayes lesson, betwixt your man and you, and then for to day wee break vp schoole.

Chau. Come, *Trimtram*; if I be out Tutor, Ile be bold to looke in my tables, because I doubt I am scarce perfect.

Ser. Well, well, I will not see small faults.

Chau. The wall,

Trim. The wall of mee, to thy kennell spannell.

Chau. Wilt thou not yeeld precedencie?

Trim. To thee, I know thee and thy broode

Chau. Knowst thou my brood, I know thy broode to,

A Faire Quarrell.

thou art a Rooke;

Trim. The nearer a kinne to the Chaughes?

Chau. The Rookes a kin to the Chaughes?

Ser. Verie well maintain'd,

Chau. Dungcoer, thou liest,

Trim. Lie, enucleate the kernell of thy scabberd,

Chau. Now if I durst draw my sword, twere valiant yfaith:

Seco. Draw, draw, howsoever,

Chau. Haue some wine readie to make vs frends I pray you,

Trim. Chaugh, I will make thee flie and roare,

Chau. I will roare if thou strik'st me,

Seco. So tis ynough, now conclude in wine, I see you will proue an excellent practitioner: wondrous well perform'd on both sides:

Chau. Heere *Trimtram* I drinke to thee.

Trim. I'll pldge you in good friendship,

Enter a Seruant.

Is there not one Maister *Chaugh* heere,

Vsb. This is the Gentleman sir;

Seru. My maister, sir, your elected father in law, desires speedly to speake with you:

Chau. Friend I will follow thee, I would thou hadst come a little soner, thou shouldest haue scene Roring sport yfaith,

Seru. Sir Ile returne that you are following, *Exit seruant*

Chau. Doe so: Ile tell thee *Tutor*, I am to marry shortly, but I will deferre it a while till I can roare perfectly, that I may get the ypper hand of my wife on the wedding day, 't must be done at first or neuer.

Seco. 'Twill serue you to good vse in that sir,

Cha. How lik'st thou this Whiffer?

Vas. very valiantly ifaith sir,

Cha. Tussa, thou shalt see more by and by.

Va. I can stay no longer indeed sir, who paies mee for my Tobocco?

Cha. How, pay for Tobacco, away ye sootie mouth'd pi-per: you rustie piece of Martlemas bacon, away.

Trim. Let me giue him a Marke for't.

Chau. No *Trimtram*, doe not strike him, weele onely
roare

A Faire Quarrell.

roare out a curse vpon him.

Trim. Well, doe you begin then,

Chau. May thy Roule rot, and thy pudding drop in pieces, being sophisticated with filthy vrine.

Trim. May Sericants dwell on either side of thee, to fright away thy two penny customers.

Cha. And for thy penny ones, let them sucke thee drie.

Trim. VVhen thou art dead, maist thou haue no other sheets to be buried in but mouldie Tobacco leaues.

Cha. And no strawings to sticke thy Carkas, but the bitter stalkes.

Trim. Thy mourners, all greazie Tapsters,

Cha. VVith foule Tobacco pipes in their hats in stead of rotten Rose mary: and last of all may my man and I liue to see all this perform'd and, to pisse reeking euē vpon thy graue.

Trim. And last of all for mee, let this Epitaph bee remembered ouer thee.

Here coldly now within is laid to rot,

A man that yesterday was piping hot:

Some say he died by pudding, some by pricke,

Others by role and ball, some leafe, all sticke

Past in censure, yet thinks it strange and rare,

(He liu'd by smoake, yet died for want of ayre)

But then the Surgeon said when he beheld him,

It was the burning of his Pipe that kild him.

Cha. So, are you paid now whistler?

Vap. All this is but smoake out of a stinking Pipe,

Chau. So, so, pay him now Usher.

Sec: Doe not henceforth neglect your schooling *M. Chaugh.*

Cha. Call me Rooke if I doe Tutor.

Trim. And me Rauen, though my name be *Trimtram.*

Cha. Farewell Tutor.

Trim. Farewell Usher.

Sec. Thus when the Drum's vnbrast, and Trumpet cease,
Soldiers must get pay for to liue in peace. *Exeunt*

Enter the Colonels Sister, meeting the Surgeon.

Sist. Oh my most worthy brother, thy hard fate 'twas
Come hither honest Surgeon, and deale faithfully

A Faire Quarrell.

With a distressed Virgin: what hope is there?

Surg. Hope, *Chillis* was scapt miraculously Lady.

Sist. Whats that sir.

Surg. Cava vena: I care but little for his wound 'ith *Orsophag*, not thus much trust mee, but when they come to *Diaphragma* once, the small *Intestines*, or the *Spyvall Modull*, or 'ith *Rootes* of the *Emunotories* of the noble parts, then straight I feare a *Syncope*; the flanks retyring towards the backe, the *Prine* bloody, the *Excrements parulent*, and the *Dolour* pricking or pungent.

Sist. Alasse I'me nere the better for this answer.

Surg. Now I must tell you his principal *Dolour* lies 'ith region of the *Liuer*, and theres both inflammation and *Tumefaction* feard, marry I made him a *Quadrangular plumation*, where *Ivsde Sanguis Draconis* by my faith, with powders *incarnatiue*, which I temperd with oyle of *Hypericon*, and other liquors *mundificatiue*.

Sist. Pox a your *Mundies figatiues*, I would they were all fired,

Surg. But I purpose Lady to make an other experiment at next dressing with a *Sarcotricke medicament*, made of *Iris* of Florence. Thus *Masticke*, *Calaphena*, *Apopanax*, *Sacrocollar*

Sist. *Sacro-halter*, what comfort is 'this to a poore Gentlewoman; pray tell me in plaine tearmes what you thinke of him?

Surg. Marry in plaine tearmes I know not what to say to him, the wound I can assure you enclines to *Paralysme*; and I find his body *Cacochimicke*: being then in feare of Feuer and inflammation, I nourish him altogether with *Viands refrigeratiue* and giue for potion the iuyce of *Sau-cola*, dissolud with water *Cerefolium*: I could doe noe more Lady, if his best *Guigninos* were disseuered. Exit.

Sist. What thankelasse paines does the tongue often take, To make the whole man most ridiculous:

I come to him for comfort, and he tyres me

Worse then my sorrow, what a pretious good

May be deliuered sweetly in few words:

And what a mount of nothing ha's he cast forth.

Alasse

A Faire Quarrell.

Alasse his strength decaies: how cheere you fir,
My honourd Brother?

Colo. In soule neuer better.

I feele, an excellent heath there, such a stoutnes,
My inuisible enemy flies mee, seeing me armed
With penitence and forgiveness, they fall backward,
VVhether through admiration, not imagining
There were such armory in a Souldiers soule,
As pardon and repentance: or through power
Of ghostly valour? but I haue bene Lord
Of a more happy conquest in nine howers now,
Then in nine yeares before: Oh kinde Lieftenants
This is the onely war we should prouide for,
VVhere he that forgives largest & highest strongest,
Is a tride Soldier, a true man in deed,
And wins the best field, makes his owne heart bleed.
Read the last part of that Will fir.

I Lieftenant reads.

I also require at the hands of my most beloued Sister;
whom I make full Executrix, the disposure of my body in bu-
riall at S. Martins ith field: and to cause to be distributed
to the poore of the same parish, forty Marke, and to the
Hospital of maymed Souldiers a hundred: lastly I giue and be-
queath to my kinde, deare, and vertuous sister, the full pos-
session of my present estate in riches, whether it be in Lands,
Leases, Money, Goods, Plate, Jewels, or what kind soeuer,
vpon this condition following, that shee forthwith, tender
both her selfe and all these Infeoffments, to that noble Cap-
taine my late Enemy Captaine Ager.

Sist. How fir?

Colo. Read it againe fir, let her heare it plaine.

Sist. Pray spare your paines fir, tis too plaine already.

Good fir, how doe you, is your memory perfect?

This Will makes question of you: I bestowde

So much grieffe and compassion a your wound,

I neuer look't into your senses *Epilepsie*:

The sickenes and infirmity of your iudgement

Is to be doubted now, more then your bodies,

A Faire Quarrell.

Why is your loue no dearer to mee fir,
Then to dispose me so vpon the man,
Whose furie is your bodies present torment?
The Author of your danger? one I hate
Beyond the bounds of malice, doe you not feele
His wrath vpon you? I beseech you fir,
Alter that cruell article.

Colo. Cruell sister? (forgiue me naturall loue)
I must offend thee, speaking to this woman, am I content,
Hauing much kindred, yet to giue thee all,
(Because in thee I'de raise my meanes to goodnesse)
And canst thou prooue so thanklesse to my bounty,
To grudge my soule her peace? is my intent
To leaue her rich, whose onely desire is
To send me poorer into the next world,
Then euer Vsurer went, or politicke Statist
Is it so burdensome for thee to loue
VWhere I forgiue? Oh wretched is the man
That buildes the last hopes of his sauing comfort
Vpon a womans charity? hees most miserable,
If it were possible, her obstinate will
VWill pull him downe in his midway to heauen,
Iue wrongd that worthy man past recompence,
And in my anger robd him of faire fame:
And thou the fairest restitution art
My life could yeeld him: if I knewe a fairer,
I'de set thee by and thy-vnwilling goodnes,
And neuer make my sacred peace of thee:
But theres the cruelty of a fate debard,
Thou art the last, and all, and thou art hard.

Sist. Let your grieu'd heart hold better thoughts of mee,
I will not proue so fir, but since you enforce it,
VWith such a strength of passion Ile performe,
VWhat by your will you haue inioynd me to,
Though the world neuer shew me ioy agen.

Colo. Oh this may be faire cunning for the time,
To put me off, knowing I hold not long,
And when I looke to haue my ioyes accomplish't,

A Faire Quarrell.

I shall find no such things: that were vilde cosenage,
And not to be repented.

Sist. By all the blessednes,
Truth and a good life looked for, I will doo'te fir,

Colo. Comforts reward you for't, when ere you grieue,
I know if you dare sweare I may belieue.

Exeunt

Enter Captaine Agor.

Cap. No sooner haue I entrance i'this house now,
But all my ioy falls from mee, which was wont
To be the sanctuary of my comforts.

Me thought I lou'd it with a reuerent gladnes,
As holy men doe consecrated Temples
For the Saints sake, which I belieu'd my mother,
But prou'd a false faith since, a fearefull heresie,
O who'de erect th'assurance of his ioyes

Vpon a womans goodnes: whose best vertue,
Is to commit vnseene, and highest secrecie,
To hide but her owne sin, ther's their perfection,
And if shee be so good, which many faile of to,
When these are bad, how wondrous /ll are they,
What comfort I'ft to fight, win this dayes fame,
When all my after dayes, are lamps of shame,

Enter the Lady Agor.

Blessings bee firme to me, hee's come tis hee,
A surgeon speedily;

Cap. A surgion? why maddam,

Lady. Perhaps you'le say tis but a little wound
Good to preuent a Danger: quick, a surgeon,

Cap. Why maddam,

Lady. I, I, thats all the fault of valiant men,
Theile not be knowne a their hurts till thei'r past helpe,
And then to late they wish for't

Cap. Will you heare mee,

La. Tis no disparagement, to confesse a wound
I'me glad fir tis no worse, a surgeon quickly,

Cap. Maddam,

Lady. Come, come fir, a wound is Honorable,
And neuer shapes the weater,

Cap.

A Faire Quarrell.

Capt. By the Iustice

I owe to honour, I came of vntouch't,

Lady. I'de rather belecue that;

Capt. You beleene truth so,

Lady. My teares preuaile then, welcome, welcome fir,
As peace and mercy to one new departed,
Why would you goe though, and deceiue me so,
When my abountant loue tooke all the course
That might be to preuent it, I did that,
For my affections sake, goodnes forgiue me for't,
That were my owne lifes safety put vppon't,
Ide rather dye then doo't, thinke how you vsd me then,
'And yet would you goe, and hazard your selfe too,
Twas but vnkindly done.

Capt. Whats all this Madame?

Lady. See then how rash you were and short in wisdom,
Why wrong my faith I did, slanderd my constancy,
Belyed my truth, that which few Mothers will,
Or fewer can, I did, out of true feare
And louing care, onely to keep thee heere.

Capt. I doubt I am too quick of apprehension, now
And that's a generall fault, when we heere ioyfully,
With the desire of longing fort, I aske it:
Why? were you neuer false,

Lady. May death come to me,
Before Repentance then?

Capt. I heard it plaine sure,
Not false at all?

Lady. By the reward of truth,
I neuer knew that deed
That claimes the name of't.

Capt. May then that glorious reward you swore by,
Be neuer failing to you, and blessings
That you haue giuen me, for obedient custome
Taught me to kneel & adore, are not valuable
With this immaculate blessing of your truth:
This is the Palme to victory,
The Crowne for all deserts past, and to come,

A Faire Quarrell.

Let 'em be numberlesse, they are rewarded,
Already they'r rewarded: blesse this frame
I feele it much too weake to beare the ioy on't.

Lady. Rise Sir,

Capt. O pardon me —

I cannot honor you too much, too long,
I kneele not onely to a Mother now,
But to a woman that was neuer false,
Yeare deare, and yeare good too: I thinke a that,
What reuerence doe's she merit tis fit such
Should be distinguisht from the prostrate sexe,
And what distinction properer can be showne,
Then honor done to her that keepe her owne,

Lady. Come fir, Ile haue you rise,

Capt. To doe a deed then, *rises.*

That shall for euer raise me: O my glory,
Why this, this is the quarrell that I lookt for,
The tother but a shift to hold time play,
You sacred ministers of preservation,
For Heauens sake send him life,
And with it mighty health, and such a strength,
May equal but the cause, I wish no foule things,
If life but glow in him he shall know instantly
That I'me resolut to call him to accompt for't.

Lady. Why harke you fir,

Cap. I bind you by your honor, Madame,
You speake no hindernece too't,
Take heed, you ought not

Lady. What an unhappines haue I in goodnes,
'Tis euer my desire to intend well
But haue no fortunate way in't, for all this
deserue I yet no better of you: but to be greeud agen?
Are you not well with honest gaine of fame,
With safety purchas'd, will ye needs tempt a ruine,
That auoyds you?

Exit Lady.

Capt. No y'are preuailed: 'Tis of this nature sprung,
When they vse action must be little tongue.
Now fir, the newes?

A Faire Quarrell.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Sir theres a gentlewoman,
Desires some conference with you,

Capt. How, with me?

A Gentlewoman? what is shee?

Sern. Her attendant

Deliuered her to be the *Colonels* Sister.

Capt. Oh for a storme then,

'Lasse poore vertuous Gentlewoman,

I wil indure her violence with much pittie,

She comes to ease her heart good noble soule,

Tis ee'ne a charity to release the burden,

Were, not that remedy ordaind for weomen,

Their hearts would neuer hold three yeares together,

And heere she comes, I neuer markt so much of her,

Enter the Colonels Sister.

That face can be the mistress of no anger

But I might very wel indure a month me thinks,

I am the man speake Lady, He stand faire.

Sist. And I me enioynd by vow to fall thus low, *She kneeles.*

And from the dying hand of a repentant

Offer for expiation of wrongs done you,

My selfe, and with my selfe all that was his,

Which vpon that condition was made mine,

Being his soules wish to depart absolute man,

In life a soldier death a Christian.

Capt. Oh Heauen has toucht him nobly, how it shames

My vertues slow perfection: rise deere brightnes,

I forget manners too, vp matchlesse sweetnesse,

Sist. I must not sir, there is not in my vow

That liberty, I must be receiu'd first,

Or all denyed, if either, I am free,

Cap. He must be without soule should deny thee,

And with that reuerence I receiue the giift,

As it was sent me, worthy Colonel,

Has such a conquering way I th blest things,

Who euer overcomes, he only wins. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Phisition: Iane as a Bride.

Phis. Will you be obstinate?

Iane. Torment me not.

Thou lingring Executioner to death,
Greatest diseale to Nature, that stru'st by Art
To make men long a dying, your practise is
Vpon mens bodyes, as men pull Roses,
For their owne relish, but so kill the flower
So you maintaine your liues by others deaths,
What eat you then by carrion?

Phis. Fie bitternes,

Ye'ad need to candy ore your tongue a little,
Your wordes will hardly be digested els,

Iane. You can giue your selfe a vomit to returne 'um,
If they offend your stomacke,

Phis. Heere my vow.

You are to be married to day.

Iane. A second torment,

Worse then the first, cause vnauoydable,
I would I could as soone annihilate
My Fathers will in that as forbid thy lust.

Phis. If you then tender an vnwilling hand,
Meet it with reuenge, marry a Cuckolde.

Iane. If thou wilt marry me, Ile make that vow,
And giue my body for satisfaction
To him that should enioy me for his wife.

Phis. Go to, Ile marre your marriage.

Iane. Doe, plague me so.

Ile rather beare the brand of all thats past,
In Capitall Characters vpon my Brow,
Then thinke to be thy whore or marry him.

Phis. I will defame thee euer.

Iane. Spare me not.

A Fair Quayell.

Phis. I will produce thy Bastard,
Bring thee to publike pennance,
Iane No matter, I care not,
I shall then haue a cleane sheet, Ile weare twenty
Rather then one defil'd with thee.

Phis. Looke for Reuenge.

Iane. Pursue it fully then, out of his hate,
I shall pursue (I hope) a loathed fate. *Exit Iane*

Phis. Am I reiected, all my baits nibbled off;
And not the fish caught? Ile trouble the whole streame,
And choake it in the mudde, since hookes not take,
Ile throw in nets that shall or kill or breake.
This is the Bridegroomes man, harke sir, a word.

Enter Trimtram with Rosemarie.

Trim. 'Tis a busie day sir, nor I need no phisicke,
You see I scoure about my busines.

Phis. Pray you a word sir, your Maister is to bee married
to day.

Trim. Else all this Rosemaries lost.

Phis. I would speake with your maister sir.

Trim. My Maister sir, is to bee married this morning and
cannot be within while soone at night.

Phy. If you will doe your maister the best seruice,
That ere you did him, if he shall not curse
Your negligence hereafter slacking it:
If he shall blesse mee for the dearest friend
That euer his acquaintance met withall,
Let me speake with him ere he goe to Church.

Trim. A right Phisition, you would haue none goe to the
Church, nor Churchyard till you send them thither; well, if
you spare you your selues, hee deales hardly with
you, for you are better Be-Doctors and send more to him
then all diseases besides.

Chan. within. What Trimtram, Trimtram?

Trim. I come sir. Harke you, you may see him, hee's vp
on the spur and would faine mount the saddle of Matrimony,
but (if I can) Ile perswade him to come to you. *Exit Trim*

Phy. Pray you doe sir: Ile teach all peccun nicenes

To

A Faire Quarrell.

To beware the strong advantage of reuenge.

Enter Chaub.

Chau. Who's that would speake with mee?

Phy. None but a friend sir.

I would speake with you.

Chau. Why sir, and I dare speake with any man vnder the vniuerse, can you roare sir?

Phy. No infaith sir.

I come to tell you milderly for your good,

If you please to heare me: you are vpon Marriage?

Chau. No sir, I an towards it, but not vpon it yet.

Phy. Doe you know what you doe?

Chau. Yes sir, I haue practis'd what to doe before now, I would be asham'd to be married else: I haue seen a *Bronstrops* in my time, and a *Hippocrene*, and a *Tweke* too.

Phy. Take fayre heede sir, the wife that you would marry is not fit for you.

Cha. Why sir, haue you tried her?

Phy. Not I beleue it sir, but belieue with all, Shee has beene tryed.

Chau. VVhy sir, is she a Fructifer? or a Fucus?

Phi. All that I speake sir, is in loue to you, Your Bride, that may be, has not that portion that a Bride should haue.

Chau. VVhy sir? she has a thousand and a better penny.

Phy. I doe not speake of rubbish, drosse, and ore, But the refined Mettle, *Honour* sir.

Chau. VVhat she wants in honour shall be made vp in worship sir, money will purchase both.

Phy. To be plaine with you, she's naught. *drawes his sword*

Chau. If thou canst not roare th'art a dead man, my Bride naught?

Phy. Sir, I doe not feare you that way, what I speake, My life shall maintaine, I say shee's naught.

Chau. Dost thou not feare mee?

Phy. Indeed I doe not sir.

Chau. He neuer draw vpon the while I liue for that trick, put vp and speake freely.

A Faire Quarrell.

Phy. Your intended Bride is a whore, thats freely fir,

Chan. Yes faith, a whor's free enough, and she hath a conscience: is shee a whore? Foote I warrant shee has the Poxe then;

Phy. VVorse, the Plague, 'tis more incurable,

Chan. A plagueie whore? a pox on her Ile none of her,

Phy. Mine accusation shall haue firme euidence.
I will produce an vnauoided witnes,
A bastard of her bearing.

Chan. A Bastard? 'snailes, ther's great suspicion shee's a whore then, Ile wrastle a fall with her father for putting this tricke vpon me as I am a Gentleman.

Phy. Good sir mistake me not, I doe not speake
To breake the contract of vnited hearts,
I will not pull that curse vpon my head,
To seperate the husband and the wife,
But this (in loue) I thought fit to reueale,
(As the due office betwixt man and man)
That you might not be ignorant of your ills,
Consider now of my premonishment,
As your selfe shall please.

Chan. Ile burne all the Rose mary to sweeten the house, for in my conscience tis infected: has she drunke Bastard? if she would pisse me wine Viniger now nine times a day I'de neuer haue her, and I thanke you too.

Enter Trimtram

Trim. Come, will you come away sir, they haue all Rosemary and stay for you to lead the way.

Chan. Ile not be married to day *Trimtram*, has't ere an Almanacke about thee? this is the nintenth of August, looke what day of the month 'tis.

Lookes in an Almanacke.

Trim. 'Tis tenty nine indeed sir.

Chan. VVhat's the word? what sayes *Bretnor*?

Trim. The word is sir, *theres a hole in her coate.*

Chan. I thought so, the Physition agrees with him, Ile not marry to day.

Trim. I pray you sir, there will be charges for new Rosemary else, this will be wither'd by to morrow.

Chan.

A Faire Quarrell.

Chau. Make a Bon fire ont to sweeten Rosemary Lane pre-
thee *Trim.* entreat my father in law that might haue beene,
to come and speake with me.

Trim. The Bride cries already and lookes tother way, and
you be so backward too, we shall haue a fine arseward wed-
ding on't. *Exit Trim.*

Chau. Youle stand to your words, sir?

Phis. Ile not flye the house sir, when you haue need call
me to euidence. *Exit Phisition.*

Chau. If youle proue she has borne a Bastard, Ile stand
too't shee's a whore.

Enter Russell and Trimtram.

Russ. Why how now sonne what causeth these delays?
All stay for your leading.

Chau. Came I from the mount to be confronted?

Russ. How's that sir?

Chau. Canst thou roare old man;

Russ. Roare? how meane you sir?

Chau. Why then Ile tell thee plainly thy daughter in a
Bronstrops.

Russ. A *Bronstrop*? Whats that sir?

Trim. Sir if she be so she is a *Hippocrene.*

Chau. Nay worse she is a fructifer.

Trim. Nay then she is a *Fucus*, a *Minotaure*, and a *Tweke.*

Russ. Pray you speake to my vnderstanding sir,

Chau. If thou wilt haue it in plaine termes: She is a *Callicent*,
and a *Panagron.*

Trim. Nay then she is a *Duplar* and a *Sindicus.*

Russ. Good sir, speake English to me.

Chau. All this is Cornish to thee, I say thy Daughter has
drunke Bastard in her time.

Russ. Bastard you doe not meane to make her a whore?

Chau. Yes but I doe, if shee make a foole of me, Ile nere
make her my wife, till she haue her maidenhead agen;

Russ. A whore? I doe defie this Callumnie.

Chau. Dost thou? I defie thee then.

Trim. Doe you sir then I defie thee too, fight with vs both
at once in this quarrell if thou darest.

A Faire Quarrell.

Phy. Your intended Bride is a whore, thats freely fir,

Chan. Yes faith, a whor's free enough, and she hath a conscience: is shee a whore? Foote I warrant shee has the Poxe then:

Phy. VVorse, the Plague, 'tis more incurable,

Chan. A plagueie whore? a pox on her Ile none of her,

Phy. Mine accusation shall haue firme euidence.
I will produce an vnauoided witnes,
A bastard of her bearing.

Chan. A Bastard? 'snailles, ther's great suspition shee's a whore then, Ile wrastle a fall with her father for putting this tricke vpon me as I am a Gentleman.

Phy. Good sir mistake me not, I doe not speake
To breake the contract of vnited hearts,
I will not pull that curse vpon my head,
To seperate the husband and the wife,
But this (in loue) I thought fit to reueale,
(As the due office betwixt man and man)
That you might not be ignorant of your ills,
Consider now of my premonishment,
As your selfe shall please.

Chan. Ile burne all the Rose mary to sweeten the house, for in my conscience tis infected: has shee drunke Bastard? if she would pisse me wine Viniger now nine times a day I'de neuer haue her, and I thanke you too.

Enter Trimtram

Trim. Come, will you come away sir, they haue all Rosemary and stay for you to lead the way.

Chan. Ile not be married to day *Trimtram*, has't ere an Almanacke about thee? this is the nintenth of August, looke what day of the month 'tis. *Lookes in an Almanacke.*

Trim. 'Tis tenty nine indeed sir.

Chan. VVhat's the word? what sayes *Bretnor*?

Trim. The word is fir, *theres a hole in her coate.*

Chan. I thought so, the Physition agrees with him, Ile not marry to day.

Trim. I pray you sir, there will be charges for new Rosemary else, this will be wither'd by to morrow.

Chan.

A Faire Quarrell.

Chau. Make a Bon fire ont to sweeten Rosemary Lane pre-
thee *Trim.* entreat my father in law that might haue beene,
to come and speake with me.

Trim. The Bride cries already and lookes tother way, and
you be so backward too, we shall haue a fine arseward wed-
ding on't.

Exit Trim.

Chau. Youle stand to your words, sir?

Phis. Ile not flye the house sir, when you haue need call
me to euidence.

Exit Phisition.

Chau. If youle proue she has borne a Bastard, Ile stand
too't shee's a whore.

Enter Russell and Trimtram.

Russ. Why how now soune what causeth these delays?
All stay for your leading.

Chau. Came I from the mount to be confronted?

Russ. How's that sir?

Chau. Canst thou roare old man;

Russ. Roare? how meane you sir?

Chau. Why then Ile tell thee plainly thy daughter in a
Bronstrops.

Russ. A *Bronsterop*? Whats that sir?

Trim. Sir if she be so she is a *Hippocrene.*

Chau. Nay worse she is a fructifer.

Trim. Nay then she is a *Fucus*, a *Minotaure*, and a *Tweke.*

Russ. Pray you speake to my vnderstanding sir,

Chau. If thou wilt haue it in plaine termes: She is a *Callicene*,
and a *Panagron.*

Trim. Nay then she is a *Duplar* and a *Sindicus.*

Russ. Good sir, speake English to me.

Chau. All this is Cornish to thee, I say thy Daughter has
drunke Bastard in her time.

Russ. Bastard you doe not meane to make her a whore?

Chau. Yes but I doe, if shee make a foole of me, Ile nere
make her my wife, till she haue her maidenhead agen?

Russ. A whore? I doe defie this Callumnie.

Chau. Dost thou? I defie thee then.

Trim. Doe you sir then I defie thee too, fight with vs both
at once in this quarrell if thou darest.

A Faire Quarrell.

Chau. I could haue had a whore at Plimouth.

Trim. I or at Perin.

Chau. I or vnder the Mount.

Trim. Or as you came, at Euill.

Chau. Or at Hoc-kye hole in Somersetshire.

Trim. Or at the hanging stones in Wiltshire.

Chau. Or at Maidenhead in Barkshire: and did I come in by Maidenhead to goe out by Staines? Oh that man, woman or childe, would wrastle with me for a pound of patience.

Ruff. Some thiefe has put in poyson at your eares.
To steale the good name of my child from me:
Or if it be a mallice of your owne,
Be sure I will enforce a prooue from you.

Chau. Hees a goose and a woodcocke that sayes I will not proue any word that I speake.

Trim. I either goose or Woodcocke he shall sir with any man.

Chau. Phi-si-ti-an, *Mauz. aux.* Phisitian.

Ruff. Is he the author?

Phis. Sir, with much sorrow for your sorrowes sake,
I must deliuer this most certaine truth,
Your daughter is an honest flayned Bride,
Indeed she is the mother to a child,
Before the lawfull wife vnto a husband.

Chau. Law, thats worse then I told thee, I said shee had borne a Bastard, and hee sayes she was the mother ont too.

Ruff. I'me yet an infidell against all this,
And will beleue the Sun is made of Brasse,
The Starres of amber,

Chau. And the moone of a holland cheese.

Ruff. Rather then this impossibility, oh, heere she comes,

Enter Iane and Anne.

Nay come daughter, stand at the barre of shame,
Either now quit thy selfe, or kill me euer:
Your marriage day is spoyld if ail bee true.

Iane. A happy misery, whose my accuser?

Phis. I am that knowes it true I speake,

Chau.

A Fair Quarrell.

Chau. Yes and I me his witness.

Trim. And I.

Chau. And I agen.

Trim. And I agen too,
theres foure thats enough I hope.

Russ. How can you witness sir that nothing know,
But what you haue receiu'd from his report.

Chau. Must we not beleue our Phisitians; pray you thinke
I know as much as euery foole do's.

Trim. Let me be *Trimtram*: I pray you too sir.

Iane. Sir if this bad man haue layd a blemish
On my white name: he is a most false one,
Defaming me for the iust denyall
Of his foule lust, nay now you shall be known sir.

An. Sir I me his sister and do better know him,
Then all of you giue not too much beleefe
To his wilde wordes, hee's oftentimes mad sir.

Phis. I thanke you good sister.

An. Are you not mad to doe this Office,
Fie vppon your mallice.

Phis. He presently produce both nurse and Child,
Whose very eyes shall call her mother, before it speakes.

Chau. Ha, ha, ha, ha, by my troth I de spend a shilling on
that condition to heare that, I thinke in my conscience I shal
take the Phisitian in a lye if the Childe call her mother be-
fore it can speake, He neuer wrastle while I liue agen.

Trim. It must be a shee child if it doe sir, and those speake
the soonest of any liuing Creatures they say.

Chau. Baw waw, a dog will barke a Month sooner, hee's
a very puppy else.

Russ. Come tell truth twixt our selues, heers none but friends
One spot a fathers loue will soone wipe off:
The truth and they trie my loue abundant,
He cover it with all the care I haue.

And yet (perhaps) make vp a marriage day.

Iane. Then its true sir, I haue Child.

Russ. Hast thou?

Well wipe thine eyes, I me a Grandfather then,

A Faire Quarrell.

If all bastards were banisht, the Citty would be thinne,
In the thickest terme time, well now let me alone
He try my wits for thee, *Richard, Francis, Andrew,*
None of my knaues within?

Enter his Seruant.

Ser. Heeres one of 'um, sir, the Guests come in apace.

Russ. Doe they dick? let 'um haue wine and fugar, weele
befor 'um presently, but harke Dick.

Cha. I long to heare this childe speake ifaith, *Trim*, I
would this foolish Phisition would come once.

Trim. If it calls her mother, I hope it shall neuer call
you father.

Chan. No, and it do He whip it ifaith, and giue thee leaue
to whip me.

Russ. Run on thy best legges Dicke.

Sern. He be heere in a twinkling sir.

Exit Ser.

Enter Phisitian, Nurse, with the childe.

Phy. Now Gentlemen, belecue your eyes, if not my tongue
Doe not you call this your childe?

C. Phew, thats not the point you promis'd vs the child should
call her Mother, if it do's this month, He nere go to the roa-
ring schoole agen.

Russ. Whose childe is this Nurse?

Nurse. Dis Gentlemans, so he to me readen. *Poynts to the*
Ch. Snailles shees the Phisicians *Bronstrops, Trim, Phisitian.*

Trim. His *Fucus*, his very *Tweke*, ifaith.

Chan. A glister in his teeth, let him take her with a purga-
tion to him.

Russ. Tis as your sister said: you are starke mad, sir,
This much confirms it, you haue defamed
Mine honest daughter: He haue you punished fort,
Besides the ciuill pennance of your sinne,
And keeping of your bastard.

Phis. This is fine,
All your wit and wealch must not thus carry it.

Russ. Sir *Chaugh* a word with you.

Chan. He not haue her ifaith, sir, if *Trimstraw* will haue
her and he will let him.

Trim.

A Faire Quarrell.

Trim. Who I, sir? I scome it, if you'l haue her, He haue her too, He doe as you doe, and no otherwise.

Russ. I doe not meant to either, this onely, sir,
That whatsoere y' aue seene, you would be silent,
Hinder not my child of another husband,
Though you forsake her.

Chan. He not speake a word, ifaith,

Russ. As you are a gentleman.

Chan. By these basket hilts, as I am a youth,
A gentleman a Roarer,

Russ. Charme your man I beseech you too.

Chan. I warrant you sir hee shall doe nothing but what I
doe before him.

Enter Servant with Fitzallen.

Russ. I shall most dearly thanke you, Oh are you come,
Welcome sonne in law: this was beyond your hope,
We old men haue pretty conceits sometimes,
Your Wedding daye's prepard, and this is it,
How thinke you of it?

Fitz. As of the ioyfullst
That euer welcomd me, you shew your selfe now
A patterne to all kind fathers: my sweetest *Iane*,

Russ. Your captiuitie I mean't but as sauce,
Vnto your Wedding dinner, now, I me sure
'Tis far more welcome in this short restraint
Then had it freely come: *Fitz.* A thousand fold,

Iane. I like this well.

Chan. I haue not the heart to see this Gentleman guld so,
I will reueale, I make it mine owne case tis a foule case,

Trim. Remember you haue sworne by your hilts.

Chan. He break my hilts rather then conceale, I haue a trick
Doe thou follow mee, I will reueale it, and yet not speake it
neither.

Trim. 'Tis my duty to follow you sir.

Chaugh sings. Take heed in time oh man vnto thy head,

Trim. Sings. A'l is not gold that glistereth in bed.

Russ. Why sir? why sir?

Chan. Looke too't I say, thy Bride's a *Bronstecrops*,

A Faire Quarrell.

Trim. And knowes the thing that men weare in their fops,
Fitz. How's this fir?

Chau. A Hipocrisie, a Tyeke, for and a Fuch,

Trim. Let not fond loue with foretops so rebuke vs.

Ruff. Good fir.

Chau. Behold a baby of this maids begetting,

Trim. A deed of darknes after the sun-setting.

Ruff. Your Oath fir.

Chau. I sweare and sing thy Bride has taken Phisike,

Trim. This was the Doctor curd her of that Pifficke.

Chau. If you'll beleue me I will say no more,

Trim. Thy Brides a Tyeke as we doe say that roare.

Chau. Beare witnes Gentlemen I haue not spoke a word,
My hilts are hole still.

Fitz. This is a sweet Epithalamium,
Vnto the Marriage bed, a musicall
Harmonius Io: fir, yau wrongd me,
And basely wrong'd me, was this your cunning fetch,
To Fetch me out of prison, for euer
To marry me vnto a Strumpet?

Ruff. None of those words good fir,
Tis but a fault, and tis a sweet one too,
Come fir, your meanes is short, lengthen your fortunes,
With a faire proffer: He put a thousand pieces
Into the scale to helpe her to weigh it vp,
Aboue the first dowrie.

Fitz. Ha? you say, well
Shame may be bought out at a deere rate,
A thousand pieces added to her dowry.

Ruff. Theres fise hundred of 'um to make the Bargaine,
I haue worthy guests comming and would not delude 'um,
Say: speake like a Sonne to me.

Fitz. Your blessing fir, we are both yours, witnes Gen-
tlemen these must be made vp a thousand pieces, added to
a first thousand for her dowry, to father that childe,

Phis. Oh is it out now?

Chau. For tother thousand He doo't my selfe yet,

Trim. Or I, if my Maister will.

Fitz.

A Faire Quarrell.

Fitz. The Bargaine's made, fir, I haue the tender
And possession both; and will keepe my purchase,

Chaw. Take her eene to you with all her moucables, ile
weare my batchellors buttons still.

Trim. So will I faith; they are the best flowers in any mans
garden, next to hartsease,

Fitz. This is as welcome as the other fir,
And both as the best blisse that ere on earth,
I shall enioy, fir, this is mine owne childe,
You could not haue found out a fitter Father
Nor is it basely bred as you imagine
For we were wedded by the hand of heauen
Ere this worke was begun.

Chaw. At Pancridge, ile lay my life on't,

Trim. I'le lay my life on't too, twas there,

Fitz. Some where it was, fir,

Ruff. Wa'it so ifaith sonne?

Iane. And that I must haue reuea'ld to you, fir,
Ere I had gone to Church with this faire groome;
But thanke this gentleman, he preuented me,
I am much bound vnto your mallice fir.

Phi. I am a sham'd

Iane. Shame to amendment then.

Ruff. Now get you together for a couple of cunning ones,
But sonne, a word, the latter thousand peeces
Is now more then bargaine.

Fitz. No by my faith fir
Here's witnesse inough on't, must serue to pay my fees
Imprisonment is costly

Chaw. By my troth the old man ha's gul'd himselfe, finely,
well fir, Ile bid my selfe a guest, though not a groome, Ile
dine and dance, and roare at the wedding for all this

Trim. So will I fir, if my Maister does, (on't,

Ruff. Well fir, you are welcome, but now, no more wordes
Till we be set at dinner for there will mirth
Be the most vsfull for digestion,
See, my best guests are comming.

A Faire Quarrell.

*Enter Captaine Ager, Surgeon, Lady Ager Colonells
Sister, & two friends.*

Cap. Recoverd saist thou.

Surg. May I bee excluded quite out of Surgeons hall else, marry I must tell you the wound was faine to be twice Coroded, twas a plaine Gastrolophe, and a deep one, but I closed the lips op't with Bandages and Surteures, which is a kind coniunction of the parts seperated against the course of nature.

Capt. Well sir, he is well

Surg. I feard him I assure you Captaine before the Surture in the belly, it grew almost to a convulsion, and there was like to be a bloody issue from the hollow vessells of the kidnyes.
gives him money.

Capt. Theres that, to thanke thy new's and thy Art together.

Surg. And if your worship at any time stand in need of incission, if it be your fortune to light into my hands, ile giue you the best.

Cap. Vncle, the noble Colonells recouerd,

Russ. Recovered.

Then honor is not dead in all parts Cusse.

Enter Colonell with his too friends.

I. Behold him yonder sir.

Capt. My much vnworthinesse is now found out,
Tha' it not a face to fit it.

Colo. fric. Sir yonders Captaine Ager.

Colo. O Lieftenant the wrong I haue done his fame,
Puts me to silence, shame so confounds me,
That I dare not see him.

Capt. I neuer knew how poore my deserts were,
Till he appeared; no way to giue requitall,
Here, shame me lastingly; doo't with his owne,
Returne this to him, tell him I haue Riches
In that abundance in his sisters loue,
These come but to oppresse me, and confound
All my deseruings euerlastingly
I neuer shall requite my wealth in her say,

How

A Faire Quarrell.

How soone from vertue and an honord spirit,
May man receiue what he may neuer merit.

Colo. This comes most happily, to expresse me better,
For since this will was made there fell to me
The manner of *Fitz-dale*, giue h'um that too,
Hee's like to haue chardge theres faire hope
Of my sisters fruitfullnesse for me
I neuer meane to change my mistris,
And warre is able to maintaine her seruant,

r. Read there, a faire increase sir, by my saith,
He hath sent it backe sir, with new additions.

Capt. How miserable he makes me, this inforces me
To breake through all the passadges of shame
And headlong fall,

Colo. Into my armes deare worthy.

Capt. You haue a goodnesse
Has put me past my answers, you may speake,
what you please now; I must be silent euer,

Colo. This day has shoven me ioyes vnusaleu'd treasure,
I would not change this brotherhood with a monarch,
Into which blest aliance sacred heauen
Hs's plac't my kinsman, and giuen him his ends
Faire be that Quarrell makes such happy friends.

Exeunt Omnes

FINIS.